

# SNAPS

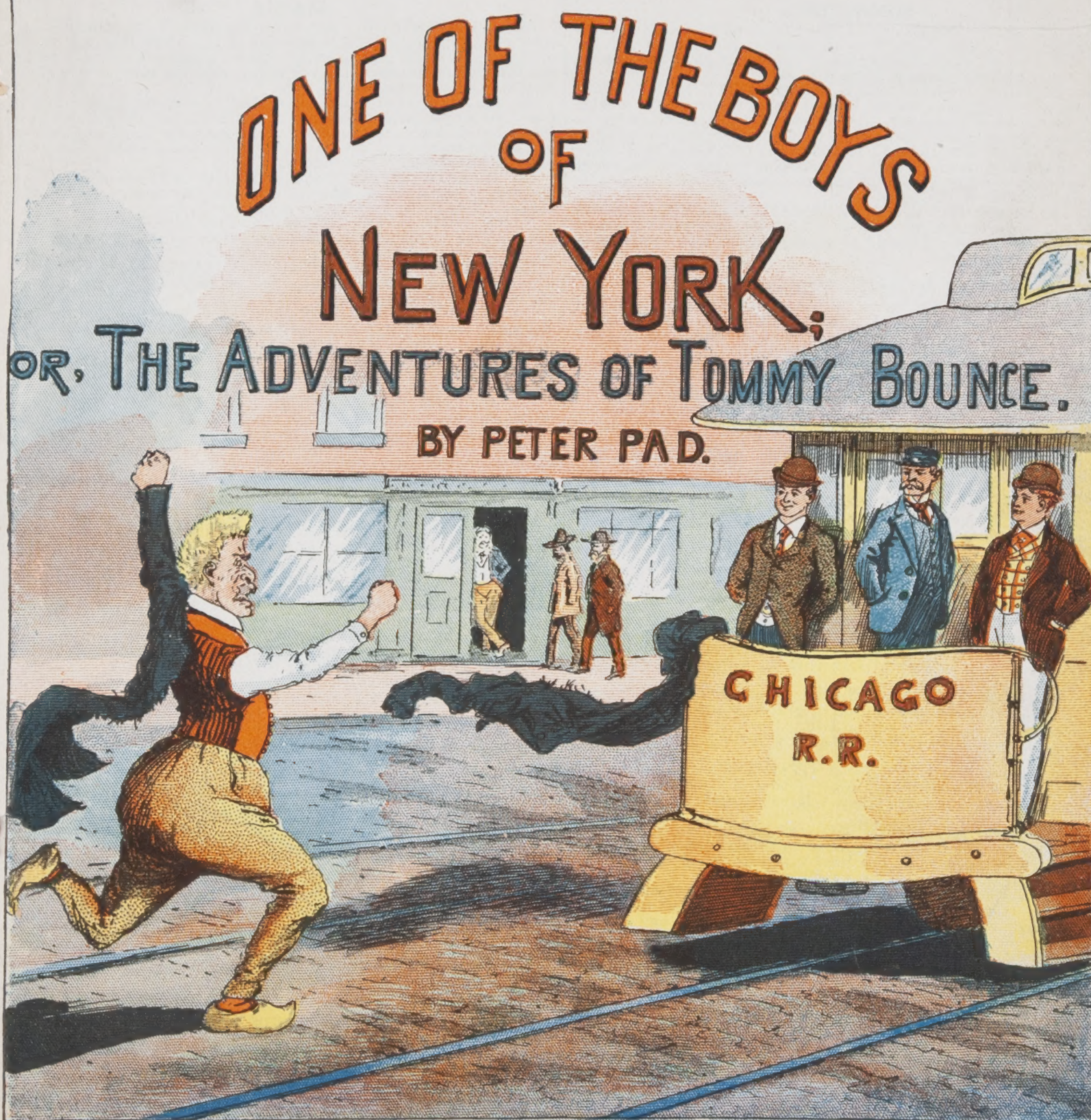
A COMIC WEEKLY OF COMIC STORIES BY COMIC AUTHORS.

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Then the Dutchman happened to think of his coat, and he turned and ran after the car, shouting "Bolice!" and waving his arms for the car to stop. Such a comical sight was never seen.



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# ❖ SNAPS ❖

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1900.

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## One of the Boys of New York; OR, The Adventures of Tommy Bounce.

BY PETER PAD.

### CHAPTER I.

In bidding good-by to the schoolboy days of Tommy Bounce, as he has appeared in a former number of this library, we left him in New York City, at the house of his uncle, Ebenezer, with the privilege of going about for a week, that he might be acquainted with the great city somewhat, before settling down in the old gentleman's store to learn the hardware business.

"Keep your north eye open, Tommy," said his uncle, on the morning following his arrival. "You are a little green, my boy, and you must look out and not get taken in. There are all kinds of contrivances in New York for taking in the unsophisticated."

"All right, uncle. I'll try and not get taken in," replied Tommy, smiling.

"I am going to show him through Central Park to-day," said his youngest daughter, Clara, a bright, beautiful, wide-awake girl, about fourteen years of age.

"Well, all right, pet. Take good care of him, and yourself, too," said the old man, kissing her, and going away to business.

She was indeed a splendid and entertaining companion, and she kept Tommy out all day long, showing him all the points of interest, and posting him regarding the social ways of the city.

The next day he went out alone and walked down Broadway to see the sights. It was the opening of a new world to him. So much rattle-te-bang; so much bright and beautiful things, nearly turned his head.

However smart he might have looked in his native village, or among his schoolmates, he was marked in New York by the contrast of his clothes and the cut of his hair, and by his general appearance. And he was not long in discovering this himself.

Arriving at Union Square, he stopped to look at the Washington Monument.

Presently a couple of bootblacks approached him. They saw at a glance that Tommy was green and so they went for him just as a cat would run for a mouse.

"Hello, country; have a shine?" asked one of them.

"No, I don't want to buy anything," replied Tommy, moving away a few paces.

"Sell yer one cheap."

Tommy shook his head and pretended not to notice him.

"Nice hoss, eh?" said the other, referring to the equestrian statue of Washington.

"Yes. What is it?"

"What? Don't you know what that is?"

"No. I never saw it before," replied Tommy.

"Why, that's the statue of St. Patrick, mounted on a hoss, drivin' the frogs an' snakes out o' Ireland."

Tommy looked at the fellow a moment.

"Don't yer b'lieve it?"

"No, I do not," he replied, firmly.

"Yer don't? Goin' for to tell me I lie, say?" said the fellow, thrusting his face saucily into Tommy's.

"Yes, I do tell you you lie. And what are you going to do about it?" he asked, with clenched fists.

"I'd kick der stuffins out o' yer, dat's what I'll do 'bout it, country."

"Well, you may as well begin, for I want to get along and see the sights," he replied, tauntingly.

"Here, Patsy, hold my box. I'll show him some sights what he never seen afore," said the young rough, passing his workshop over to his friend.

He squared off and went for Tommy with the evident intention of knocking him out of time in three shakes of a goat's tail; but in an instant he saw that Tommy was no slouch, and had evidently used his bunches of fives often before; and in the next instant he went sprawling over on the pavement, heels up and head down.

Quick as thought the other threw down his boxes and went for Tommy; but he also woke up the same wrong passenger, and before he could get at him, he found his nose fooling with Tommy's fist, and he went kiting over on top of his friend.

Both boys got up, but finding Tommy still standing on ground, they hesitated about going in for any more.

"Got all you want?" he asked.

"Cheese it, Patsy!" said the one who had been knocked down first.

They both cut and run over toward the square, yelling back at our hero, but evidently not caring for anything nearer.

"What's the matter here, young fellow?" asked a policeman who approached from the opposite side of the square.



"Nothing, only those fellows attempted to thrash me, and I patted 'em; that's all," replied Tommy, calmly.

"Oh! oh! that's it, hey?" said the officer, smiling and turning away.

While still standing there, a woman came up to him, holding what looked to be a baby in her arms, although it was so wrapped in an old shawl that it could not be seen.

"Please, sir, will you be good enough to give me the price of a breakfast? I haven't eaten anything since yesterday morning, and my poor babe is almost starved," said she, in pathetic appeal, the first one that he had ever heard.

"What is the matter that you have had no food?"

"Oh, sir, my husband is dead; I have a large family, and being out of work, I am obliged to beg or starve."

This touched Tommy's heart in an instant, and taking fifty cents from his pocket, he gave it to her.

"Oh, thank you, young man; you have saved me from starving," said she.

"I am glad if I have."

Thanking him still more profusely she turned and walked toward Third avenue.

Tommy's heart was tender, and the thought of this woman starving in the midst of so much elegance and wealth touched him keenly.

"I wish I had given her more," said he, gazing after her. "I have a few dollars that I do not want—I—I will follow and give her more," and suiting the action to the words, he started to follow her.

But the woman had some rods the start of him, and was walking fast, so before he could overtake her she had reached Third avenue, and entered a liquor shop.

Tommy stopped and looked at the place to see if it was an eating house or anything of the kind. But it looked like almost anything else. In fact he soon convinced himself that it was a gin mill, and then to gratify his curiosity as to what the starving woman was doing in such a place, he opened the door and entered.

Calling for a glass of lager he glanced around the dark, dirty place.

Behind a screen he heard voices, and glancing at a bundle that lay on the head of a barrel he saw it was the same that the starving woman had carried in her arms.

Stepping up to it carelessly he pulled the old shawl aside a trifle and there beheld the face of a large, dirty china doll with a baby cap on—a very fraud.

Just then he heard the woman speaking to some one behind the screen.

"Yes, I met a young chap from the country, and he squirmed at my old yarn! so here she goes. Fill 'em up again, Barney," she cried.

"The old fraud!" said Tommy to himself.

When Barney, the bartender, went to serve his "starving" customer with some more gin, Tommy took up an empty bottle and knocked off the nose of the china baby, after which he turned and left the place, concluding that he had learned one lesson at least by the adventure.

Returning to Broadway he continued his way down, "taking in" everything to be seen on either side. The chimes on Grace Church were ringing, and of course his attention was drawn to them, as also Wanamaker's mammoth dry goods store, and while he stood gazing at it a young, flashily-dressed fellow approached him.

"I say, my friend, don't you want to buy a watch?" he asked.

"I think not," replied Tommy.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," said the fellow, taking Tommy by the arm and leading him gently down Tenth street a few steps. "The fact is I am a stranger here in New York, and having lost my money, I want to get some. The only thing I have got to sell is this watch," said he, taking a large yellow watch from his pocket.

Tommy looked covetously at it.

"The watch is actually worth fifty dollars, but in order to get home, I will let you have it for ten dollars."

Tommy turned it over in his hand, but shook his head.

"You can make twenty-five dollars by selling it to your friends."

"I haven't got ten dollars to spare," replied Tommy.

"Is that so? The fact is, it will cost me five dollars to get home," he mused. "But, I say, I'll tell you what I'll do. Let me have the five dollars on it, and if I don't send for it in a week, the watch is yours. Come, that's fair."

"Well, here it is."

"Thanks. Now give me your address."

Tommy did as requested, and they soon after parted. Tommy chuckled to himself over the bargain he had made, and every now and then he would take it out of his pocket and look at it gleefully. He saw that it was fashionable to wear watches, and he concluded that this was just what he wanted, to be up with the times.

From here he kept on down town, all eyes for what was to be seen, and occasionally getting yelled at by some of the boys who passed him on the street.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "everybody seems to know I am from the country. Wonder what it is? It must be my long hair. I don't see any other young fellow wearing it so long, so I'll just drop into the first barber shop I meet and have it cut."

This he proceeded to do; and after he had been through the tonsorial mill he was quite a different looking fellow, although not exactly a ripe-looking one. However, it was a great improvement, and saved him from much annoyance.

Then he continued his journey down toward the Battery.

Arriving at the Battery he seated himself on one of the seats with which the beautiful park is supplied, and there took in the whole scene.

"Please give me a penny, for I haven't got any pa," said a pitiful voice at his side.

He turned and saw a poorly-clad but rather good-looking child standing before him. But remembering his experience with the starving woman he shook his head.

"Eh, you go soak your head!" said the girl, starting away. "Stingy thing. I'd put a head on you for a cent. Take a walk around the park, you snoozer!" was her parting advice.

Beggars were not impressing him very favorably, but he had to laugh in spite of himself.

Then a little shaver approached him.

"Want some circus?" he asked.

"What is that you say, sonny?"

"Want some circus?"

"I don't understand you."

"Well, I'll show yer," said the little fellow, peeling off his jacket and throwing his hat on top of it on the grass.

Thus stripped the little fellow began to go through a series of gymnastic evolutions, turning and twisting into all sorts of shapes, and doing some really wonderful feats there on the graveled walk.

Tommy was interested, and when the little acrobat had finished, he gave him a dime.

After seeing everything around here, he visited several of the wharves in the vicinity, after which he took a car up Broadway, reaching home in time for dinner.

The family were all assembled and much anxiety was felt to learn the result of Tommy's explorations during the day.

"Tell us all about it, Tommy," said his Uncle Ebenezer, cheerfully.

"How happened you to get your hair cut?" asked his aunt.

"Well, I thought I had most too much Andover with me for luck," replied Tommy.

But at his uncle's request he told over his adventures, and after finishing all but about buying the watch, he pulled it out and told how he came to get it.

The moment his uncle saw it he commenced to laugh heartily, and one by one the others joined him, while Tommy



sat there with the watch in his hand, blushing and wondering what the dickens they all meant.

"Why, Tommy, you have been taken in," said his uncle.

"What do you mean?"

"Let's see the ticker."

Taking it in his hand he looked at it a moment.

"Why, it has stopped."

"Has it?" asked Tommy in surprise, for he had not noticed it.

"Perhaps it wants winding up," he suggested.

"Winding! Why, Tommy, you have been taken in badly, for at least five dollars' worth, for this is only an old brass arrangement, not worth fifty cents."

"Is that so?" asked Tommy, blushing still deeper.

"That is so. Didn't I tell you to keep your eyes open? Why, the city is full of these swindlers, and they are continually on the lookout for people whom they can come it over."

Tommy choked with rage, and his pretty cousins were laughing at his expense, while his uncle and aunt wore a look of pity that was even more tantalizing.

"Well, I own up, and you may have your laugh. But if I ever get caught again, then you may call me a dunce."

"Of course," put in Clara, coming to his rescue, "he never knew anything about such dreadful people as we have here in New York, and how could he be on his guard against them?"

"True, pet, and this will be a good lesson for him; keep right on, Tommy, my boy, and get all the experience you can, for it is one of the best things in the world for you!"

The next day he went out again, but his eye teeth were pretty well cut and he had but little difficulty, and at the same time he made himself acquainted with other parts of the city.

At the end of the week he was taken to the store and introduced to the clerks, and made acquainted with the new life that was to be opened for him. It was all new, but he liked it, and he also liked the fellows who were in his uncle's employ.

One of them he was especially taken with. His name was Frank Hoyt, the assistant bookkeeper in the establishment. Frank was one of those mild, innocent young men, who are all attention to business during business hours, but who let themselves loose afterwards, and appear quite different personages.

He was, in fact, a good bookkeeper—a smart, reliable fellow in the business, but when out, one of the gayest, fastest, and liveliest fellows to be found in New York.

When introduced to Tommy as the nephew of his employer, he took him in with his innocent-looking eyes, and Tommy's idea was that he would have liked him very well had he not appeared so serious.

The other clerks appeared so so. Some of them were young, some old; but, of course, they paid great attention to Tommy because of his relationship to their boss.

The first week went well enough, and he was gradually becoming familiar with the business he was to learn. He saw but little of his uncle except mornings and evenings when at home, for at first he was not allowed the freedom of the counting-room.

One day when Mr. Bounce was away Frank Hoyt called Tommy to the counting-room.

"I want you to deliver a letter," said he.

"All right," replied Tommy.

"It is rather a delicate piece of business, and requires a faithful person; and because of your relationship with Mr. Bounce I take you for the business. Take this letter to the person to whom it is directed, and follow the instructions you may receive."

Tommy started away with a light heart, and, after walking a mile or two, delivered the letter to the bookkeeper of another hardware house. He read it, and then wrote another, which was directed to still another person some distance away.

After considerable trouble he found this party and handed him the letter. This man wrote another letter and directed it to a man away across town, which Tommy delivered. Then he in turn wrote one and sent him agoing, and in this way he was kept trotting nearly all day, for what he could not tell, as

every person to whom he delivered a letter looked serious and business-like.

Finally he received one directed to Patrick Bannon, on Ann street, and he delivered it.

Mr. Bannon was a wild Irishman, and the contents of the letter made him wilder still.

It read as follows:

"Friend Pat—The bearer of this letter has been abusing you like a beggar. He says you are a thief and he can prove it, and so I have sent him to you with this letter, the contents of which he knows nothing of.

"Yours truly,

"Tom H."

Tommy saw the cloud gathering on the Irishman's face, and so was not wholly unprepared for what came soon after in the shape of a bounce.

"Ye devil's spalpeen! Is it ye that has been callin' me a thafe?" he cried, bounding at our hero like a bull-dog. "Git out of this or I'll spile that mug of your'n!" saying which he gave Tommy a whack that made him see stars.

He was about to follow this up with others, but Tommy being nimble got out of the way in quick time, and utterly confounded returned to the store. But Hoyt had taken his leave and so he could get no clew to the outrage that had been imposed upon him.

On his way home that night he came to the conclusion that he had been made the victim of a practical joke, so many of which he had played upon others.

"Sold and got the money," he mused, as he rode along in the cars. "Taken in and done for. Well, this is his fun, his laugh. I'll say nothing about it and see whose turn it is to laugh next. Perhaps these fellows take me for green, but if I mistake not I can play a pretty healthy hand at this game myself. So I'll lay low and wait. But who would have thought that such an honest-looking cuss could be guilty of such a sell. Well, well, all right, we shall know each other better by-and-by," he added, as he reached his uncle's house.

## CHAPTER II.

In our last we saw Tommy Bounce make his first appearance in New York, saw him getting acquainted with the city, and several times a victim to sharpers.

But it is a long lane that has no turn, more especially when a smart fellow like Tommy is walking in it.

He was now clerk in his uncle's hardware store, and the reader will doubtless remember the practical joke that Frank Hoyt, the bookkeeper, played on him.

The next day Tommy put on a cheerful appearance, as usual. He said nothing to Hoyt about the unfortunate termination of the errand he sent him on, but went about his business as though nothing had happened.

The mischievous Frank looked as solemn as a gobbler, although he had learned all about the termination of Tommy's errand with the Ann street Irishman. Both kept their own counsel and looked honest.

About noon, while business was at its best, and the store was full of customers, an old Irish woman entered the store and inquired for Mr. Hoyt.

Tommy showed her into the counting-room, where his uncle Ebenezer and several gentlemen were engaged in talking over business.

"A lady wishes to see Mr. Hoyt," he announced loudly, and everybody looked up.

"Frank!" called Mr. Bounce, "this way."

Frank came from the further end of the room, where he was engaged over his books.

"Here is somebody that wishes to see you."



"Mister Hite, I've come to see wud ye pay yer wash bill," said the woman, rather severely.

"My wash bill? I owe you no wash bill," said Frank, blushing deeply.

Tommy was where he could hear, see, and enjoy.

"Fut's that? ye don't owe me siven dollars for doin' yer wash?" she demanded, on a higher key.

"No, nor any other sum."

"Howly mother! d'ye hear that?" she asked, turning to the merchants who sat around.

Old Mr. Bounce's brow lowered. The idea of having a clerk in his employ who did not pay his washing bills was more than he could bear.

"I never saw you before in my life."

"Niver saw me before!"

"You have made a mistake, my good woman."

"Divil a wonst!"

"Yes, you certainly have."

"Narry a mistake. Arn't yer name Frank Hite?"

"Yes, it is."

"An' don't ye board at No. 75 East Broadway?"

"Yes, I do."

"An' yet ye have the gall ter say ye don't know me, an' that ye don't owe me siven dollars for the washin' of yer dirty duds?"

"I certainly have. I have my washing done at a laundry."

"Faiks I know ye do, now that I wuldn't trust ye any more till ye paid me my siven dollars."

"Frank, Frank!" said Mr. Bounce, chidingly.

"It's a mistake, sir, I——"

"Divil a mistake at all, at all, sur, an' if you's his boss, it's the loikes of a foinie gintleman that ye are ter pay me an' take it out of his wages," said she, going up to the merchant.

"Frank, I'm astonished," said he.

"I assure you, sir, that the woman has made a mistake in the person," protested the unhappy Frank.

"Yet she appears to know all about you."

"Faiks, an' more than I want ter," put in the woman.

"Is there any other person boarding at your house bearing your name?"

"N—no, sir."

"Well, it looks as though the woman is right, and that you had forgotten the matter."

This was a fearful thrust, and poor Frank blushed into the roots of his hair.

"I never saw the woman before in my life."

"Howly Moses! only to hear him. I say, Mr. Hite, maybe ye'll say ye niver seen my daughter Maggie, an' that ye didn't promise ter marry her!"

Frank started back abashed, while every one in the room laughed at his discomfiture.

"Pay me, or I'll spile yer innercent looking face!"

"Good gracious!"

"Pay the woman, Frank, and put an end to this disgraceful scene," said Mr. Bounce, sharply.

"But I——"

"Do as I bid you, sir."

"That's the illigant gintleman that ye are."

"You have the goodness to be quiet, madam; I will see that you get your pay," said the old man.

"Hiven bless ye, sur."

"Frank, you heard what I said?"

"Yes, sir, but do you order me to pay a bill that does not belong to me?" said he pleadingly.

"Out, ye smooth-faced spalpeen; ter be afther chatin' a poor widdy out of her honest airnins."

"I think she is right, sir."

Poor Frank was in hot water now, sure enough. He knew he did not owe the seven dollars, but he saw that the others believed to the contrary and that he might lose all favor with his employer if he refused to pay it. So, reluctantly, he drew forth the money and handed it to her.

"An' no compliments ter ye for it. Begob, ye'd niver have paid it without yer boss had made ye, thanks ter the illigant gintleman," said she.

"Begone, you beat," said Frank.

"Bate, is it? Bate? Be jabbers, I'll bate yer two eyes black and blue inter one if yer give me any of yer lip, so I will," said she, rushing her big doubled up fists under his nose.

"Begone, woman. You have got your money, now go away," said Mr. Bounce.

"Faiks, I will, for it's an illigant gintleman as bids me; but if that spalpeen gives me any of his gab, I'll tache him dacint manners, so I will."

With this she turned and left the counting-room, greatly to the delight of everybody in it, especially Frank Hoyt, than whom a more crestfallen chap was never seen.

When he saw the old woman about to leave, Tommy walked out to the front of the store and stood by the door as she came along.

"Did you get it?" he asked.

"Faix, I did, much thanks to ye. It'll pay my month's rint an' lave me a bit over for a sup, so it will," said she, passing out.

This little confab between them did not escape Frank Hoyt, who had gone to his desk again. He was enabled to see through the glass counting-room windows, although he had no idea of what passed between them.

Tommy wore a large triumphant grin during the remainder of the day, while Frank looked sour, puzzled and guilty, besides knowing that Mr. Bounce regarded him as little better than a beat. What to make of it he could not for the life of him tell, unless it was purely a mistake on her part, and he regretted now that he had not taken her address. It was not the money he cared for so much as it was the humiliation.

That evening as he was about leaving the store Tommy spoke to him.

"I say, Frank, do you know who that old Irish woman was?"

"No; who is she?" he asked, eagerly.

"She is the wife of Pat Bannon, who keeps the place in Ann street. Good night," said he, turning away toward the lower end of the store.

"Pat Bannon," mused Frank as he went toward the front door. "Who is Pat Bannon?" and he walked up Beekman street with this conundrum whirling through his head.

"And how the devil should he know her?" was another question he puzzled himself with. "He has only been in the city a few weeks. Pat Bannon," he said to himself again.

Just then he met a friend and stopped to talk with him.

"I say, Frank, did the young country clerk say anything about the errand you sent him on?"

"Not a word," replied Frank; "I guess he took a tumble to it, and concluded to say nothing about it," and they both laughed.

"Well, he may thank his legs for it, for if Pat Bannon had——"

"What is that you say—who?" asked Frank, catching his friend eagerly by the arm.

"Why, Pat Bannon, that keeps the place there in Ann street; the fellow I gave him a letter to, and who went for him nasty," and again the young man laughed heartily.

But Frank didn't laugh this time. He smelled something that was wonderfully like a rat, and so shaking hands with his friend, he turned and walked away.

"Thunder and blazes!" he muttered, "can it be possible that that country boy, Tommy, was smart enough to put this job up on me? Well, well, if I thought so, I would go and club myself; and yet what other explanation is there for it? He looked a trifle too knowing when he asked me if I knew who the woman was. Confound him! I half suspect he is not so green as he seems to be, or, at least, half so green as I took him to be! At all events, I'll keep an eye on him in the future."

The next morning Tommy was the first clerk in the store, which the porter had just opened when he got there. He fre-



quently took an early breakfast with the servants for the sake of joining in the throng that rushes down to the stores and shops; it was a new and pleasing phase of life to him.

Therefore the porter was not surprised to see him there so early; and, as he had already learned to like the boss's handsome nephew, who was the life of the place, he had his usual chat and morning chaff with him.

His name was Dennis—something—for no one ever called him anything but Dennis, and a jollier Irishman never lived. So it was but natural that he should like our hero, or that Tommy should like him.

"Top o' the mornin' ter ye, Tommy," said he.

"You mean the first end of the day, Dennis," replied Tommy, good-naturedly.

"Well, maybe so, my lad; but what brings ye out so early agin this mornin'?"

"Oh, I came down to see the sights."

"Faith! but yer uncle's not up by this time?"

"No, I guess not."

"Be jabbers! if I was in your place, Tommy, I'd kick in my bed till the ould man come out, so I wud. Did ye hear the rum-pus in the countin'-room the day beyant?"

"Day what?"

"Ther day beyant—yesterday."

"Oh, you mean the Irish woman and Frank about the wash bill."

"Yes, something of that kind. Wouldn't he pay it?"

"He had to. Ask him if he knows Mrs. Bannon, the next time you have a chance."

"Was that her?"

"Yes; ask him about her."

"Faith I will, for he's very fond of his jokes and rigs at me, so he is."

"And ask him about her daughter, Maggie."

"Did he make up ter the girl?"

"The ould lady said so."

"Och! but it's fun I'll have wid Mr. Hoyt out o' that, so I will," said Dennis, going back into the far end of the store to open the shutters.

Tommy had set some fun afloat and he was happy. If Frank was not yet sorry for the tricks he played on him, he would take particular pains to make him so.

Going into the counting-room, he took some small pellets of shoemaker's wax from a matchbox and placed them on the top of the stool on which the bookkeeper sat, after which he went out into the store and joined the other clerks who had by this time arrived.

Frank was very late that morning; in fact, he had only got in and taken off his coat when Mr. Bounce arrived.

Feeling somewhat guilty for being late, he threw his books upon the desk, mounted the stool, and pretended to be hard at work. This of course prevented him from inspecting his seat. On the contrary, he stuck to it as close as it was destined to stick to him.

"Here, Frank," called Mr. Bounce, who wanted him for something.

"Yes, sir," he replied, leaping down.

But the high stool clung to him, and before he was fairly aware of it he had dragged it into the presence of Mr. Bounce.

"Why, Frank, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Gracious! I—I don't know," he stammered, as he whirled around in his wild endeavors to free himself from the stool.

"Look out, confound you! You banged my shins with the cussed thing. What ails it?"

"I don't understand it, sir—I—"

"Why, it is stuck fast to you. Here, let me pull it off."

"How could it happen so?"

"Now, then, pull the other way," said Mr. Bounce, catching hold of the stool by the legs and bracing himself for a pull.

"Gracious, sir!" said Frank, as he pulled away from the seat.

But in pulling away from the seat he also pulled his seat away—that is to say, the seat of his lavender pants.

"Rip!" shouted the old man, as the cloth gave away.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Frank, and at that moment there was a laugh among three or four of the younger clerks, who happened to be near enough to the window to see.

As for Tommy Bounce, he and Dennis were seeing the fun without being seen themselves.

"Oh! oh!"

"Good gracious! What is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Bounce, glancing from the stool, which he still held in his hand with the seat of Frank's pants attached to it, to his bewildered clerk.

"I'll be hanged if I know, sir."

"Why, it is wax," said the old man, examining it.

"Wax? Where in the world could it have come from?"

"Have you been into a shoemaker's shop lately?"

"Yes, sir; I called in one this morning as I came down; but I did not sit there."

"Well, you probably got it stuck on you in some way," and

glancing again at the abashed youth, who for prudential reasons kept his back turned away, the old man laughed heartily.

"But what am I to do?" asked Frank, sadly.

"Haven't you another pair of pants here?"

"No, sir."

"And your coat?"

"It is a Seymour coat, sir, and it will not hide the mishap at all."

"That is bad. You should not buy such thin, tender cloth. Well, write an order to your landlady for another pair and send Dennis for them; that will settle it."

"I will do so," said he, going back to his desk with a funeral expression on his face.

As for Mr. Bounce, he sat by his table and shook his old fat sides with suppressed laughter.

Dennis was duly summoned to take the note; but there was a grin on his good-natured mug that annoyed Frany very much.

"Fut's the matter wid yer breeches, Frank?" he asked, glancing around at his mishap.

But Frank made no reply.

"Begorra, I think ye better let me take ye ter a tailor an' have 'em half soled," said he.

"Dennis, you be good enough to mind your own business and do as you are told," he said, severely.

"So I will. Shall I go an' see the Widdy Bannon 'bout it?"

Frank turned on him with a savage, inquiring look, intended to be withering.

"Or her daughter, Maggie, which?"

"You shut up and go where that note directs."

"Haden't ye better send Tommy. He's fust rate at deliverin' letters."

Tommy had told Dennis all about it.

"Go to the devil, you—"

"All right."

"Dennis!" shouted Mr. Bounce, who had mastered his laughter.

"Coming, sur," replied Dennis.

"Stop your impertinence, sir, and do as you are directed."

"Yes, sur."

"Tell her to send my black pants that hang in my closet. She'll find them," said Frank, as parting instructions.

Then left alone he began to ponder on the subject. Taking the stool, he examined it and found several small pellets of wax under the seat that had been torn out of his trousers, but how the deuce they got there unless some one had placed them there on purpose, he could not make out. But the more he thought of it the more he became convinced that Tommy had played the joke on him.

What Dennis had said about Mrs. Bannon convinced him that Tommy had told him all about the affair, and that this was still another bitter pill for him to swallow in payment for his joke he played on Tommy.

He believed it, and began to feel sick.

In the course of an hour Dennis returned with the pants, and during his absence Frank had kept seated in a chair to hide the sad consequences he had suffered.

A change was soon effected, and once more the poor victim could stand up and show himself, or, rather, he could stand up without showing so much of himself, and he set to work with clenched teeth.

Gradually the day wore on, and the rush of business somehow drove away the fun of the morning.

But Frank did not forget his misfortune by a long shot. The more he thought of it, the more he believed that Tommy Bounce was the guilty party, and that he had stirred up the wrong passenger in playing a trick upon him.

At first he felt like putting a head on him, but as he was the nephew of his employer, it might be a hazardous undertaking, to say nothing of the chances there might be of his "getting away" with him should he attempt it. But at length he concluded that it would be best to make friends with him, especially as he had proved himself so clever at practical joking. It was a hard dose to swallow, but he half made up his mind to do it.

The remainder of the day passed without any further fun at anybody's expense, but the next day brought some more.

At noon a large box came to the store by express directed to Frank Hoyt. Somewhat surprised at such a thing, he opened it, when he found a large package. From this he peeled another wrapper, and from that still another, and kept on at it until the package was reduced to a very small one.

The clerks were standing around, and when the last wrapper was removed he found a dead kitten, a day or two old, and a card, on which was written: "The compliments of Mrs. Bannon."

Such a shout as went up was jolly to hear by all save the party at whose expense it was given. Frank threw it from the door, and with a curse returned to the counting-room, mad enough to dance.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Bounce.



"A stupid sell, put up by some of the clerks, I suppose; a piece of the washerwoman and the wax, I dare say."

"A practical joke, eh? Well, if I have been correctly informed, you have done something in that line yourself, and at their expense."

Frank made no reply, but he thought enough to make a book.

A few days after that a big buck nigger, with the implements of a chimney-sweep slung over his shoulder, entered the store.

"Am Mr. Hoyt in?" he asked of one of the salesmen.

"Yes, in the counting-room there."

The buck opened the glass door and entered.

"Am Mr. Hoyt hea?" he asked.

"Yes; that's my name," said Frank, looking up in surprise.

"Wal, sah, my name's Bijah Buck."

"Well, what of it?"

"I'se de chimney sweep."

"Oh, you are. Well, what do you want of me, I'd like to know?"

"Didn't you send fo' me ter sweep yer chimney?"

"No, sir, I did not; I have no chimney to sweep."

"Yer haint?" answered the sweep, in surprise.

"No, sir, I have not."

"Your name Frank Hoyt?"

"Yes."

"An' dis yer am No. 55?"

"Yes."

"Wal, den you are de man."

"Get out! I never sent for you."

"Now, say, boss, yer wouldn't go for ter fool a poo' man wid a family, and bring him clea' down from Fifty-ninth street, would you?"

"Get out! I tell you I never sent for you."

"Mind yer eye, boss; don't be sassy!" said he, assuming a belligerent air. "Can't fool wid every poo' nigga dat comes 'long, mind dat!"

"Some one has played a trick on you."

"I spec dat am so, an' I spec you did it."

"I tell you I never did anything of the kind, and if you don't leave the store I'll send for a policeman."

"No you won't, honey. Pay me a dollar for foolin' me, or I'll spile dat putty face ob you's afo' you can send fo' a policeman," and he threw his traps on the floor and walked up to Frank, who made haste to get out of the way.

"The easiest way is the best," thought he. "Here, here is your dollar. Take it and get."

"All right, boss; only I want yer ter understan' dat yer can't fool a poo' man allus, if he be a nig."

"Go now."

"Good-by, boss," and the stalwart tramp strode out of the room.

There was more suppressed laughter as he left, which Frank did not fail to hear.

"I'm in for it," he thought, and after waiting a few moments he went to the door and called Tommy. "Tommy, I give it up. I know I made a fool of you; but I guess we are even by this time; so let us shake hands and make up."

"I've nothing to make up," replied Tommy, looking at him with honest, wondering eyes.

"No, I suppose not, by this time. But I ask your pardon for the joke I played on you, and from this time forward let us be friends. What do you say?"

"I am willing."

"Let bygones be bygones. I acknowledge the corn and throw up my hands. Let us be good friends, and I will show you what life is in New York."

Nothing could have pleased Tommy better, for as yet he had only seen the surface; so he held out his hand to the vanquished joker.

"There you are, old fellow; I'll meet you half way on the grounds of friendship. The fact is, we neither of us understood the other, that's all."

"But we will do so hereafter. All right. Walk up with me to-night, will you? I'll show you a few sights as we go along."

"Good enough—I'm your bumble-bee."

"Yes, yes; but I don't like your sting," thought Frank.

"All right," and shaking hands again each returned to his duties.

"There's fun ahead," thought Tommy.

"I'll astonish him," mused Frank.

### CHAPTER III.

The reader has a pretty good idea of Frank Hoyt by this time, and after the practical jokes played upon him by Tommy Bounce they became the best of friends and were out together two or three nights in the week.

In the company of such a gay boy as Frank was, Tommy proved an apt scholar and was not long in getting his country meerschaum colored and getting rid of any trace of greenness that had clung to him. In a month's time he changed wonderfully and began to wear nobby clothes, and in other respects to become a fine specimen of a young New Yorker.

Frank showed him the lions in rapid succession, visited all kinds of resorts, the highest and lowest, and Frank not only introduced him to his club, but took him around to others and showed him what rapid life is under the guise of gentility.

And Tommy was delighted with everything he saw. It was a new life to him and much more than he had ever dreamed of before.

But in the meantime he was learning the business that he was eventually to succeed his uncle in, and Frank, with all his deviltry and fast life, was a good pattern for him, as he paid strict attention to business during business hours.

Old Ebenezer Bounce, Tommy's uncle, kept a pretty sharp eye on him, and noted with pride the change that was taking place in him, although he knew but little of the lessons he was taking in the art and style of living. Tommy was sometimes out all night, but as the two young men seemed to think so much of each other, and he would say that he had stayed with Frank, the old fellow thought but little about it.

"Keep your eye out, Tommy," he would say to him once in a while. "Learn all you can; but take care that you don't get too much of any one lesson."

Of course Tommy would promise, and at the same time assure him that he was all right, and so the matter would drop. But so far as business was concerned, he had no fault to find with him.

Ebenezer Bounce was an odd character in his way, but one of his queerest peculiarities was regarding temperance. His principal words of warning to Tommy were to shun all kinds of liquor. He pretended to be strictly temperate himself, although his jolly red nose made the idea look a trifle suspicious. The fact was, he believed in temperance for everybody but himself; and while being a passable church member, he kept a private bottle and loved the sports of the world as well as anybody in it.

One night Tommy and Frank were at a renowned concert saloon, having some lager and "taking in" the peculiar show. There was a large crowd, and the young fellows were enjoying the situation immensely.

Gaily-dressed waiter-girls were darting around with refreshments; the place was brilliantly lighted, and every one seemed bent on getting his or her money's worth. It was one of those exhibitions that can be seen only at these peculiar variety shows, stage exhibitions being one feature of the place.

Just as a couple of boxers came out on the stage for a set-to, a party of gentlemen entered the room and took seats at a table only a little way from them. There was nothing remarkable about this, only that Tommy recognized one of them as a man he had often seen with his uncle.

"I say, Frank, do you twig his nibs?" said Tommy, calling his friend's attention to the man.

"Where?"

"Just over at the other table—the one with the plug hat and short gray hair."

"Oh, yes; old Martins—the old wretch! Why, the pious old fraud!" exclaimed Frank.

"What would he say if he knew we were looking at him?"

"Yes—and what would Ebenezer say if he knew his friend was in such a place?—ah! see there! Hanged if he hasn't got his arm around the waist of that pretty piece of calico."

"The old goat! Keep quiet; we'll have some fun with him yet. I wonder who the others are?" he added.

"Oh, some sleek-faced frauds like himself, I suppose."

"Time!" shouted the director of amusements at this moment, and instantly all attention was directed to the boxers, who approached and went through the usual formality of shaking hands before commencing operations.

The sparring was good and was loudly applauded.

"Good, by gracious!" exclaimed one of the party who was seated back to Tommy.

"First-rate," replied another.

"By gracious, I had rather see a rattling good boxing match than anything in the world, but a horse race. Ah! here comes our drinks."

"I say, Frank, whose voice is that?" asked Tommy, catching his friend's arm.

"By Jove, it sounds wonderfully like——"

"Time!" again shouted the manager, calling up the boxers for another round.

This round was a much livelier one than the first one had been, and excited much interest and loud comment. Especially was this the case with the party that had attracted the attention of our friends.

"What was you going to say?" asked Tommy, as soon as the



director had ordered a "walk-around," and the gladiators had returned to their corners.

"I was about remarking that his voice sounds wonderfully like your uncle's."

"That's so; but of course you see it isn't him."

"Hark! Do you hear that?"

"By Jove! That does sound like Eben. Can you see his face?"

"No. Hark!"

"Here, my darling, bring us up a large bottle of——"

"Mumm," said the party whose voice had attracted their attention.

"I tell you what it is, Tommy, that is a jolly old party with lots of soap."

"You bet. And the waiters know it evidently, for they are swarming around them lovingly."

"Time! Wind-up!" was shouted, and again all eyes were directed to the boxers.

The "wind-up" was even better than the first two rounds had been, and created much excitement in the audience.

The comments of the old party were loud and earnest, and on the strength of it another bottle of wine was ordered.

"That's the old man as sure as guns," said Tommy, after listening again. "The old boss; well, well! Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle! My uncle with a wig on."

This they soon found out to be the truth. Ebenezer Bounce was there in disguise and evidently bent on seeing fun.

"Now, then, I'm beat," said Tommy. "The idea! The sly old rat! Why, it was only last night that he was giving me a lecture about going around to these places and drinking, and here he is, in disguise, and taking it in himself," and he raised his hands in horror and surprise.

"Look out! Don't let them see us."

"No; that would spoil all. But they are all too much taken up with their wine and girls to notice anything else. Now then, let's see. How shall we manage it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we must play some joke on them."

"No, no, Tommy; excuse me; it may do for you, but if I took a hand in the game he might fire me out of my situation," said Frank.

"That is so. I never thought of that."

"And I guess you had better not attempt anything anyhow, Tommy. We can have him dead to rights without letting him know it."

"Nonsense! What good would that do us? No, sir, I'm going to have some fun out of this lark of the old man's. Just wait a bit."

By this time the party had grown very mellow and were ordering wine and treating people at a decidedly lively rate. They were making business good and having a good time generally.

Presently Tommy discovered a man to whom he had been introduced, and beckoning him over to his table, he asked him to have a drink.

The man was a detective from headquarters—a jolly, wide-awake fellow, and they soon came to an understanding about the party in question.

"Yes, I twigged them some time ago. Jolly old boys, aren't they?" said the officer.

"Yes; and if I could only pull the old man's wig off, I'd give anything. It would be rich fun."

"Is he your uncle?"

"Yes; a pious old goat, who lectures me about being fast, and comes up here himself in disguise and goes it as you see. Oh, if I only could secure that wig."

"I guess I can work it," said the officer.

"Do you think so?" he asked eagerly.

"If 'Big Sal' is here, I can. I saw her a few moments ago with just gin enough in to make her ready for anything."

"That's it. Let her pretend that he's her husband, and go for his wig."

"Big Sal" was soon found, and promised a five-dollar bill if she worked the racket.

As the detective had said, she was just "full" enough to be ready for anything. A plan of action was agreed upon, and she edged her way toward the table.

Going close up behind Mr. Bounce, she seized both hat and wig, at the same time yelling:

"Oh, I've got you now, Bill Strong!"

Mr. Bounce leaped to his feet, and in an instant there was a wild hubbub all around.

"Give me that!" yelled Bounce.

Tommy rushed into the crowd and threw himself before his uncle.

"Stand back! I'll stand for this gentleman," said he, facing the crowd in a boxing attitude.

"Put him out!"

"I—I beg pardon. I thought you was my Bill as skulkin' away from me."

"Get out of this," said Tommy.

The next minute the proprietor was in the crowd to settle the disturbance. "Big Sal" was put out of the place, all the while protesting and trying to make a drunken apology.

"What! Uncle Ebenezer!" exclaimed Tommy, turning round and appearing greatly surprised at seeing him.

"Hush!" replied his uncle.

"Oh, all right; mum's the word, Unc," said he, turning away.

By this time everybody was looking at the unfortunate merchant, many of whom knew him. Of course it soon became understood that the old fellow was out for a lark, and everybody commented on it in their own way, but that much-looked-at party got out of their way without loss of time.

"Big Sal" got her five dollars, but she was never allowed in the place again. As for the proprietor, he was exceedingly mad about the affair, as he is very particular to have his patrons treated well, and as soon as the party left he began to eye Tommy and his friends as they sat there by the table.

"I say," said he, approaching the officer and calling him by name. "Do you know that party?"

"No; who are they?"

"Why, that old duffer with the wig is one of the richest men in New York; a nice old chap, only out for a little lark. Confound that drunken old fagot, to get it into her head that he was her lover in disguise. Do you know them?" he asked, addressing Tommy.

"Well, yes, I know one of them."

"I thought I saw you talking to old Bounce. Do you suppose she was put up to it by anybody?"

"Perhaps so."

"No; she is full of jig-water, and probably thought that he was her husband," said the officer.

The proprietor looked from one to the other just as though he thought it quite likely that they knew something more about the affair.

But neither of the party gave it away, and so he retired none the wiser. The party sat there and enjoyed themselves for quite a time after the occurrence, laughing at the fun it had made and speculating about the result, and then, not caring to meet his uncle, he went home and stayed the remainder of the night with Frank.

As for Mr. Bounce, a more chapfallen man was never seen in the world. To think that his little game had been discovered, and he brought face to face with his nephew whom he had lectured so often, was too much. Besides that, the thing would get noised around, and perhaps get into the papers as a bit of comic scandal, and, altogether, he went home in a bad state of mind.

But he was equal to the occasion after sleeping on it, at all events so far as Tommy was concerned, for when he came to the store the next day he sent for both he and Frank.

"I wish to explain why I was at that place last night, for such actions on my part seem at variance with my life conduct. I assumed a slight disguise for two reasons, chief of which was that I might be enabled to confirm my suspicions as to several of my clerks, whom I suspect of going there and to like resorts, and had it not been for that unfortunate woman mistaking me for another, I should have succeeded and escaped unknown. At all events, I found you both there, and I wish to say that if I hear of your going there again I shall take measures regarding it that may be unpleasant. Do you both understand me?"

"Oh, yes, we will obey you, sir. The fact is, uncle, I am to blame for going there. But I only wished to see a little of that kind of life, and so got Frank to go along with me," said Tommy.

"That may all be, but you must understand me in regard to the future."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, that is all. Return to your duties and never mention the subject to any one," said he, waving them away.

"Well, well. The old fraud!" mused Tommy, as he returned to his work. "I thought I knew what cheek was, but I am mistaken. Ah! if he only knew all about it."

A day or two afterward the "Daily News" contained a full account of the affair, under the caption of "Fun on the Bowery."

The old man's name was not given, but he was described so accurately that most any of his friends would know it, so he sent and bought up the whole edition, and paid them for leaving it out of the other editions.

But Tommy obtained a copy, and the next day sent it by mail to his aunt.

The result was a little bed-room riot, she accusing him, and he denying everything.

But the trouble all blew over in a few days, and Ebenezer smiled again, and Tommy, thinking he had been punished enough, let the matter drop, and turned his attention to his fellow clerks when he felt a surplus of devilry in him.

A few weeks from that time his aunt and cousins went to



Saratoga to spend the heated term, leaving only he and Tommy at home to look after the house and servants.

This left the old man more free to go than ever, and he was not a bit slow in improving the opportunity.

One Sunday Tommy took it into his head to go down to Coney Island.

Frank was off on his annual vacation, and he had no one in particular to go with, and as the day was warm he thought he couldn't pass it better than at this famous resort down the bay.

Dressing himself carefully, he was just coming down stairs when he met his uncle, also dressed, it being near church time.

"Ah, uncle! Going to church?"

"Certainly, my boy. Never miss a Sabbath. Are you going to church?"

"Oh, certainly. Thought I'd go over to Brooklyn and hear Parson Abbott."

"That is right, my boy. You know I don't insist upon you going to any particular church, although I had rather have you go to mine, only I wish you to go to some one every Sunday. Every young man should do so."

"Yes, sir."

"Warm day."

"Very warm. Good-by."

In a few moments he was quietly on his way to Coney Island, as were thousands of others, and in less than half an hour his uncle and three of his chums were seated in a carriage and being driven to the same place, bent as usual on a high old time.

Tommy went by the boat, while they went by the longer road through Brooklyn.

Arriving at the steamboat landing, he took a stroll up the beach toward the upper end of the Island, intending to return by the cars.

The day was a glorious one, and hundreds of people had flocked to this near-by resort to enjoy the bracing air and the delightful bathing.

The bathing especially interested Tommy, for he had never seen anything like it before, and the comical antics of those in the surf was enough to interest his fun-loving disposition.

So he walked leisurely up the beach, stopping now and then at some of the refreshment booths that line the way, until finally he reached a larger place, a hotel, in fact, and taking a seat on the piazza, he called for a glass of lager and threw himself down in the shade to enjoy it.

There was a large number of people in the bar-room, and some of them were very noisy, although their hilarity did not attract Tommy, who was busy with his thoughts and enjoyment.

Presently he heard a voice that he recognized, although he could not see the owner of it. The voice was endeavoring to sing a comic song, "My Heart is True to Poll," and several others were doing the best they could with the chorus.

Tommy became a little interested and listened.

"My heart is true to Poll,  
My heart is true to Poll,  
Let the wind blow high or the wind blow low,  
My heart is true to Poll."

"Again, my prophetic soul, my uncle," mused Tommy. "This is the way he goes to church, is it? About the same way I go. Oh, the old rascal, I wish Frank was here to enjoy it. But I guess I will lay low and say nothing."

Again the chorus:

"My heart is true to Poll,  
My heart is true to Poll,  
Let the wind blow high or the wind blow low,  
My heart is true to Poll."

"By gracious, I know a certain Poll that wouldn't think you was true to her if she could see you now," said Tommy.

"Come, landlord, set 'em up again," he heard the old fellow say. "Set 'em up for everybody in the house!"

Then followed a chorus of orders, blended or mixed with the assertion that several hearts were true to Poll, and these, together with the clinking of glasses, made a strange medley.

"Come, everybody drink!" he again shouted, and several took a second drink on account of making it a practice of never refusing.

"Toss in one yourself, lan'lord!"

"Thank you. Here she goes!"

"Let her go! Come, has everybody had his whistle wet? for—

"My heart is true to Poll,  
My heart is true to Poll,  
Let the wind blow high or the wind blow low,  
My heart is true to Poll."

This chorus being finished in the bar-room, Mr. Bounce took it out on to the piazza as a sort of a call to rally anybody that hadn't drank.

Tommy happened to be the only person on the piazza, and he was seated back to his uncle as he approached, still singing and as full as a goat.

"I shay, young fellar. P'raps you don't know that everybody is drinkin', and that

"My heart is true to Poll,  
My heart is true to Poll,  
Let the wind blow high or the wind blow low,  
My heart is true to Poll."

"Come along; brace up, an' don't take a shingle off the landlord's house. Hey! don't yer hear me? don't you know that

"My heart is true to—

"The devil!" he exclaimed, for just then Tommy turned and faced him.

"Well, yes, uncle Eb, I don't mind if I do toss in one with you, seeing that church is out," said Tommy, with perfect composure.

"How in thunder'd you come here?"

"I came by boat, sir."

"Why, why, I thought you was going to church," stammered the old man.

"Well, sir, I did intend to go, but as you said you were going, I thought one of the family could make it all right, and so I took a trip down here."

"Devilish funny," mused his uncle.

"Devilish pleasant, I should call it."

"Well, never mind. Come in and have a glass of lager. Shan't let you drink anything stronger."

"Oh, I never do, sir."

"That's right. But mind now, not a word about this."

"Not a word. I'm fly to all these little rackets. Don't worry yourself on that account."

"That's right, Tommy. Come along."

Tommy went in and drank his beer, while his uncle was considerably bothered and hardly knew what to say himself.

"I say, uncle Eb, don't you think I had better take my vacation from to-morrow?"

"Yes, certainly, you can go to-morrow just as well as not," replied he, only too glad for an excuse for changing the subject and getting rid of him until the thing had been forgotten.

And the next day Tommy Bounce started for the country to spend a two weeks' vacation, a vacation he most likely would not have gotten had it not been for this little affair at Coney Island.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Tommy Bounce started for home after catching his uncle Ebenezer at the Coney Island lark, both because he wanted to go, and his uncle also wanted him to quite as bad.

The old fellow had learned to like his handsome, mischievous nephew very much, but somehow or other he had such a way of turning up at odd places and catching him at his little pranks, that he concluded that he should enjoy the absence of his wife and daughters quite as much if Tommy was also away.

"Stay until you get ready to come back," he said, as Tommy shook hands with him. "I know your father and mother want to see you ever so much, besides it isn't safe for a young person who has always lived in the country to remain in New York during the heated term. Give my love to 'em all, and—I—I say, Tommy, here's fifty dollars for pocket money while you're gone. And—I—I say, Tommy, don't ever mention that little Coney Island affair, will you?"

"Never—I'm mum. Good-by. Thanks for the pocket piece, and I will drop you a line just before I start to return," said Tommy.

Thus they parted.

"His nibs is glad to get rid of me while the folks are away," mused Tommy. "Well, well, all right; I suppose it is right for him to go it while he is young."

"There, confound him, I hope he'll stay a month. I don't feel exactly safe when he's around. He is such a sober, sly cuss, that I can't have the least bit of a racket with my old chums without expecting him to turn up at every moment," said the old chap, as he started for business.

Tommy remained at home two weeks, during which he had a splendid time, and of course astonished his friends and acquaintances by his changed appearance and stylish clothes; but he was not enjoying himself a whit better than his uncle Ebenezer was in New York.

Business was dull, and the old fellow was "taking in" Long



Branch, Cape May, Coney Island, Bay Side, and the various other resorts around the city, in company with his cousins; in fact, he was at Long Branch more than in New York.

On his return, Tommy (who had come on the same train that brought the letter that he had promised to write before coming) found that his uncle was at Long Branch, having left word with his clerks that he was feeling very ill, and might be gone several days.

"I'll go down and see him," said Tommy, "for he may need me."

"Not much, I guess," replied Frank Hoyt, with a peculiar wink.

"To be sure he may. What a shame it would be if the old fellow should find himself unable to keep his end up with his friends."

Frank laughed.

"Who, then, but his loving nephew should be near to assist him, and help maintain the reputation of the family?"

"Perhaps you are right."

"What hotel is he stopping at?"

"The West End."

"All right; I'll gradually dawn upon him."

He took the afternoon boat, and enjoyed the delightful sail down the bay, arriving at the famous watering place about five o'clock.

One of the last things that Ebenezer Bounce had done before going there was to write a letter to his wife, who was enjoying herself at Saratoga, telling her how lonesome he was at the absence of his wife and darlings; how he had moped around the house evenings, having no desire to go out, and that he was not feeling a bit well in bodily health.

This letter did not alarm Mrs. Bounce in the least, for she had received many such from him during her life, although she could never detect when she returned that he had lost any flesh during her absence.

Well, Tommy nosed around the town for an hour or two, and finally took a room at the Mansion House, some distance away from the one where his uncle was stopping.

In the evening he went out to see the sights by gas light, and naturally strayed over to the West End Hotel.

Watching closely, so as to see without being seen himself, he soon discovered his sickly uncle surrounded by about a dozen other sickly old bucks, standing before a bar, talking loudly about the races, which they had attended that afternoon, and drinking champagne.

It was a sickly looking party indeed, and as Tommy watched them through one of the windows his young heart almost bled for them.

Some of them were unsteady on their pins, even, and seemed to have almost lost their power of speech.

He watched them for quite a while, and finally his uncle attracted his special attention.

"Well, boys," said he, "I have won four thousand dollars to-day, and I propose to treat you to one of the highest old suppers to-morrow night that you ever tickled your bellies with."

"Bully for you, Eb," said several.

"I shall give the orders to-night and order plates for twenty," he added.

"And wine for how many?"

"For fifty, for every mother's son of you can drink more than any two men," was the reply, whereat everybody laughed and another cork flew out as though in response.

Tommy felt very sorry for his old uncle; he did seem so sick and dispirited.

After watching them for some time he turned away and returned to his own hotel.

The night was bright with gas light and moon, and the season being at its best, the roads were filled with rich turnouts and the seashore lined with gay promenaders.

Tommy, of course, could not think of going to bed, but his first errand was to the telegraph office, where, after consulting railway timetables for awhile, he wrote and sent the following dispatch to his aunt at Saratoga Springs:

"Dear Wife:—I am very ill—doctors say dangerously. Come to me by the first train in the morning.

"Ebenezer Bounce.

"West End Hotel, Long Branch, N. Y."

After setting this bit of mischief afloat he walked out upon the bluff to enjoy the cool air and the delightful evening.

He took a seat in one of the summer houses that overlooked the ocean, and in a short time was lost in the surrounding beauties.

But the beauties of nature could not chain him for long. The spirit of mischief would bubble up in spite of sentiment or poetry, and he began to look around him to see if there was any fun to be had.

Everybody seemed to be promenading in couples, and using all the big words they could think of about the balmy winds,

the sounding sea, and the silver moonlight that touched up the scene.

Some were seated in the shadows of the summer house, making love or talking other nonsense, and a few were like himself—alone.

One old fellow attracted Tommy's attention particularly. He was laying on the grass, flat on his back, evidently asleep, with his hat over his face to bother the mosquitoes.

He pondered in his mind for some time how he could have some fun at the old chap's expense, and finally an idea struck him.

About ten feet from where he lay sat a young fellow on a camp stool, looking out upon the ocean and evidently deep in dreaming.

Tommy happened to think of a fish line that he had in his pocket, and taking it out he unwound it. It had two hooks, and taking one of them off, he fastened it to the other end of the line.

He stole carefully up to where the old fellow lay asleep, and cautiously fastened one of the hooks into the rim of the hat.

This done, he waited a few moments and then sauntered over with the other hook in his hand, and without exciting any suspicion in the dreaming youth who still gazed out upon the ocean, he fastened it into his coat tail.

Then he walked around the grounds for a few moments and slowly returned to his seat to see what the result would be.

The young man dreamed and gazed for about five minutes more, when he sneezed. This seemed to awaken him to the fact that he was taking cold. So he stood up, took his camp stool and started for the hotel.

The old fellow's hat started to go too.

This waked him up, and he yelled, but seeing his hat scooting away from him, he stopped and leaped to his feet.

"Here! bring back that hat! stop it!" he yelled, as soon as he found that he was not dreaming, or that a big mosquito was not carrying it away so as to get at him better.

"Stop it!"

This brought several people to the spot all inquiring what the matter was.

"My hat! See it go! Stop it!" he shouted.

They looked and saw the hat following along after the pensive young man, who, still in his dreams, did not notice it.

They were amazed at the sight and made no attempt to recover the article, and the old fellow getting mad, made a dive after it himself.

Overtaking it, he made several attempts to pick it up, but was a trifle behind it each time. Finally he got desperate, and planted his big foot upon it, and flattened it to the ground.

"There, confound you!" he hissed.

This sudden stoppage produced a sensation at the young fellow's coat-tails, which frightened him into running a few yards before recovering himself, and the result was he tore a piece out of the flattened hat, and still retained the hook and line.

"Hello there! what are you doing?" he called.

"What in thunder are you doing?" howled the old man.

"Go to blazes!"

"Go yourself, or come back here and I will make it as hot as you want it, you beat," roared the old man, attempting to straighten out his flattened eady.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" asked the young fellow, coming back. "What did you pull my coat for?"

"Coat be hanged! What did you pull my hat for?"

"Your hat be blowed! I never knew you had a hat. But somebody pulled my coat and—"

"And somebody pulled my hat, sir, and if I only knew it was you, I'd burst your crust."

"Would you? I'll bet not."

"What!" yelled the old chap, making a dive for the young one, who was instantly on his guard.

Two or three bystanders caught hold of the mad old man and held him back.

"He has insulted me! Let me at him!"

"Yes, let him at me if he wants to come, but I never insulted him."

Tommy got into the crowd.

"Didn't you pull off my hat and drag it along?"

"No, but you pulled my coat."

"It's a lie! I wasn't near you."

"Neither was I near you or any one else."

At this point the bystanders began to investigate, and they found the fish line attached to the coat with a hook on each end of it. Then the affair was understood, and it became evident that some one had played a trick upon them both.

This produced a hearty laugh and finally the old fellow held out his hand and apologized for being so hasty, and they all retired to the hotel in better spirits than ever.

But who could have played the trick? That was the question.

Tommy followed them back to the hotel, and the moment



they came into the light, what was his astonishment at recognizing his old schoolmate and chum, George Dovey.

And he had played the trick on him!

The meeting between them was of the warmest and most cordial kind. They shook hands for several minutes, all the while asking questions about each other.

"By-the-by, Tommy, somebody played a—I say, have you been out on the bluff this morning?" asked Dovey, suddenly.

"Out by the summer house?"

"Yes, out in front here?"

"Oh, yes, I was out there a little while."

"That settles it!" exclaimed Dovey, laughing. "I might have known that you was around."

"Come and take some lemonade; I didn't know it was you, old boy, or I wouldn't have done it for the world. But the truth is I am a stranger here and was lonesome."

"All right, I'll forgive you, but if the old chap knew who it was he'd get the worth of his hat out of you I am afraid."

The two friends went laughing into the bar-room of the hotel to get their flesh-colored lemonade, while the old fellow went to his room to get another hat.

"Now, old fellow, tell me all about yourself," said Dovey, after their drink.

Tommy proceeded to do so, after which Dovey related his experience since they had parted at school in Andover, and for two hours did they drink flesh-colored lemonade and talk over old times.

Dovey had come to the Branch to spend a few weeks with his aunt, and was delighted at meeting his old chum so opportunely. It was late before they went to bed, but in course of their conversation Tommy had told him all about his "sick" uncle, and gave an insight into the little surprise he had cooked up for him the following night.

"Just the same old Tommy Bounce, I see," said Dovey.

"I should be if I had you with me. I wish we could be together all the time."

"So do I; I have got sick and tired of business, and long to travel."

"We will think further of this. I am sick of it also, and long to have some adventure. I don't want to get down to business yet."

"No; a fellow wants to see something of the world before he settles down in a counting-room," said Dovey earnestly.

The next day they drove around together, bathed and attended the races at the Monmouth Race Course, enjoying themselves first-rate, though in quite a different way from what they had ever done before.

George Dovey had changed quite as much as Tommy had, and two more stylish or good-looking fellows could not be found at Long Branch.

But when night came they went over to the West End Hotel to see how the grand supper came off, and what resulted from it.

It was spread in a private parlor, and a jollier set of old roosters never shoved their legs under the same table.

It was fully under way when the two young men arrived there. They could not see into the room, but only a blind stood between the feasters and the promenaders who paced up and down the broad piazza.

But although they could not see, they could hear all they wanted. They took seats under the window and waited events and laughed at the jokes which passed around the table.

In the course of an hour they began to get very mellow, especially Ebenezer Bounce, the sick man. He was the gayest of the gay, and when somebody proposed his very good health he struggled to his feet to reply to it.

"Get on a chair!" shouted one of the company.

"Get on the table!" shouted another.

"Give him a lift."

To oblige his friends, Eben got upon a chair and made his little speech.

In the meantime his wife arrived in hot and dusty haste from Saratoga, having ridden since morning to reach the bedside of her sick husband.

Leaping from the carriage, the shouts of wild laughter was the first thing that greeted her ear.

"How unfeeling pleasure-seekers are," she muttered to herself. "They don't care whether a person is sick or not."

She stopped in the hallway and called one of the colored servants to her.

"Mr. Bounce?"

"Yes'm."

"How is he?"

"Pretty good, I guess," said the darkey, while a broad grin overspread his features.

Tommy and Dovey were taking it all in.

"Take me to his room at once."

"I—I beg pardon, ma'am, but will you send in your card?"

"Card, sir! I am his wife," said she, with some turpentine in her words.

Again the darkey grinned all over his face, and half pointed to the private parlor where the supper was going on, and where Ebenezer was even then making his little speech.

She recognized his voice and looked puzzled.

"Is he not ill?" she asked at length.

"Guess not, ma'am," said the grinning darkey. "He seems putty healthy 'bout now."

Just then the old fellow was warming to his work, and the table was in a roar at his humorous speech.

Mrs. Bounce waved the waiter away, and stepped to the door and listened. Her husband was just saying:

"Yes, my friends, women are great institutions. They smooth out our wrinkles and our hair; they keep money moving, and their husbands, too. They are the spice of our lives."

"All-spice!" shouted some one.

"Yes, all-spice. They are all that a man can wish, and more too, sometimes. But my friends, we all know how especially interesting she is when she is enjoying herself five hundred miles away, as our wives are at this moment."

"Hi! hi!" they shouted and pounded the dishes in applause.

While the noise was at its height, Mrs. Bounce opened the door and strode into the room with the majesty of an injured queen.

Ebenezer was about to continue his speech, when on raising his eyes he beheld his wife.

Whether it was flesh or spirit he did not know, but either one or the other was too much for him, and he wilted like a young onion in a July sun, and tumbled out of his chair over upon the table, upsetting it and creating a dreadful smash and much confusion.

Everybody leaped to their feet and the waiters rushed in to see what the matter was. Several of the company recognized the lady, and they in turn were somewhat taken aback at her sudden entry into their festive gathering.

As for poor old Bounce, he struggled to his feet from under the overturned table and broken dishes, and turned to look at the form he knew so well.

His eyes protruded, and his under jaw fell, and a more woe-begone and comical-looking subject was never seen in the world.

The eyes of his wife flashed, but her lips moved not. She was too full to speak, and the company was too full to "listen," although the shock had somewhat sobered Mr. Bounce.

"Mahalia!" murmured he at length, "I—I—you—that is—"

"Ebenezer Bounce, I am shocked and overwhelmed," she said, in a tone as severe as her looks were.

"So—so be I, Mahalia. I"—he ventured.

"A very sick man you are, indeed!"

"Yes, Mahalia."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself—you, the father of a family and a church member?"

"But I—"

"Don't 'but' me, sir. How dare you?" she exclaimed, fiercer than before, and at the same time advancing toward him.

"I—I don't. What brought you here, Mahalia?" he asked, gradually recovering himself.

"Your dispatch stating that you were dangerously ill, and I should say you were."

"I—I sent you no dispatch."

"You did. Look there!" she said, handing Tommy's dispatch to one of the party to read. "But I suppose you were in about the same condition as you now are when you sent it."

The gentleman who took the dispatch read it aloud to the party.

"I never sent it. It is a fraud!" exclaimed Mr. Bounce.

"But you wrote me only the other day that you were sick—that you spent your evenings at home, moping around and bewailing the absence of your family. I just heard some of your wailing, and it was very fatherly indeed."

"But I never sent that dispatch, I say."

"Oh, you have been imposed upon," said one of the party, and this idea gradually took root.

As for poor Bounce, the imposition almost made him sick.

What to say or do he knew not; he only wished he was under ground five hundred feet.

But that party came to a sudden end, and the giver of it tremblingly escorted his indignant wife up to his room, where she resumed her remarks, and made them pointed enough to raise what little hair he had left.

The remainder of the company retired to the bar-room to laugh and talk the affair over.

It was the source of more fun than they had ever had thrust upon them at one time before, and, in a short time, it was known to all the guests in the hotel, and soon spread to others.

Newspaper correspondents got hold of it, and worked it up in a lively style, and it became the talk of the town in a short time.

But the question was, who had perpetrated the joke? but he only wished he could lay hands on him.

The next day he returned to New York, and his wife went



back to Saratoga. But he was cured, and went back to his business, resolved on having no more friends or friendly rackets.

Tommy and Dovey enjoyed the sport with all their old-time relish, and laughed themselves sore over the affair as they walked back to their hotel.

The next morning Tommy took the first train back to New York, in order to avoid his sick uncle. Dovey accompanied him, just for the trip, and between them they talked up what they would, or would like to do in the future.

Both agreed that a life of adventure was just what they wanted, and now the question was how to enter upon it and where to go.

The wild West and California appeared to be the direction, and the next question was how to get there.

"We'll fetch it," said Dovey as they parted.

"We will," replied Tommy, bravely.

## CHAPTER V.

The reader who recalleth the events of the last portion of this history will not be in the least surprised to know that Ebenezer Bounce was in a very bad humor for a few days following his grand supper at Long Branch.

True, his wife had returned to Saratoga again, but the evidences of her visit were quite as plentiful as might be seen after a prairie fire.

A more crestfallen, disgusted mortal it would be hard to find, and, strangely enough, he believed that one of his friends, whom he had invited to partake of his hospitality on that occasion, had betrayed him to his wife, and summoned her to his supposed sick bedside.

He almost foreswore friendship, and in his mind resolved to have nothing to do with the man thereafter who had caused him so much trouble.

But just before he clenched that resolution in his mind, Tom Martin, one of his chums, called on him at his store.

The meeting between them was not very cordial, so far as Ebenezer Bounce was concerned, and he made no bones of accusing him of either knowing of or participating in the betrayal.

"Now, Eben, I tell you that you make a mistake," replied Martin.

"I don't believe I do," said Mr. Bounce.

"But I know you do. If there had been any job I should have been likely to have known it, shouldn't I?"

"Of course, and I haven't the slightest idea but what you did know all about it."

"Now, Eb, I give you my word of honor as a man, that I never knew anything about it, and I don't believe that any of the rest of them did."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"I mean it."

"Then tell me, if you can, how in the name of the devil himself, she received that dispatch which brought her all the way from Saratoga to Long Branch?"

"Somebody outside of our party must have sent it."

"Bosh!"

"I tell you yes."

"Who would have gone to the trouble, provided they knew of her whereabouts, to send for her in such a way, except some of your incorrigible practical jokers? I tell you the thing is as plain as the nose on your face," said the old man; and as Martin's nose was very large and red, it answered as a powerful illustration.

"You may think so, but I do not."

"All right, I think so. A joke is a joke, and all well enough when it don't drag a person into unenviable notoriety or make them trouble."

"That is so, and I know from talking with the gang, that they all sympathize with you, and regard it as a cursed mean piece of business."

"Well, it's fortunate that they have come to their senses, even if it is too late. But I am done with them, I haven't been on a racket this summer that there hasn't been something unpleasant connected with it."

"Well, it's somebody outside of the gang, that I am sure of."

"All right, but I don't think so. Who else knew about my wife being at Saratoga, about my writing to her of my ill health?"

"But somebody might have known it. I say, Eb, did you ever suspect that good-looking, honest-faced nephew of yours?"

"What, Tommy?" asked the old man, turning quickly upon his friend.

"Yes, I have sometimes thought that he was at the bottom of more than you suspected."

"Well, but he wasn't there."

"But I say he was."

"How do you know it?"

"He was seen by several."

"Nonsense. He has just returned from a visit down east."

"Now you ask him if he wasn't there."

The old man was thoughtful and made no reply.

"Ask him."

"Well, to satisfy you I will," said he, at length, although it was quite evident that he wished to be satisfied himself.

Opening a window of the counting-room he called out into the store for his nephew. Tommy responded quickly and cheerfully.

"Come here one moment," said he, and the young man entered the counting-room.

Frank Hoyt, the bookkeeper, had overheard a portion of the conversation which took place in the private office, and suspecting that Tommy had been up to one of his jokes again, he could hardly keep a straight face as he bent over his books.

"When did you return from your visit to your parents?" asked his uncle, as Tommy entered the private office.

"Last Tuesday morning, sir," replied Tommy.

"Did you go to Long Branch after your return?"

"Yes, sir."

Tommy looked honest enough to swear by, but in spite of that Mr. Martin could not help smiling any more than Frank could.

"You see, sir, I had heard so much about this renowned seaside resort that I thought I would take a run down to see it before I again settled down to business."

"Certainly. How long did you remain there?" asked his uncle.

"I went down Tuesday afternoon, and came back to the city on Thursday morning."

"Oh, you did, eh?" asked the old man, although he didn't care to look at Martin.

"Yes, sir, I found you was not at home, and so thought I would improve the opportunity."

"Where did you suppose I was?"

"Of course I had no means of knowing. But I trust I haven't offended you, sir."

"Oh, no, only I wished to know for a certain reason. Did you see anybody there you knew?"

"Yes, sir, I accidentally met an old schoolmate by the name of George Dovey there."

"And you heard nothing about me there?"

"No, sir. Were you there?" he asked, in well simulated surprise.

"Yes. I was there for a day or two. That's well," he said, dismissing him.

Tommy went from the room, still looking as honest as a parrot. Frank cocked his eye up at him as he went past the window, just long enough to get a quick wink from him, and then kept on with his writing, while Tommy returned to his work again.

"There, didn't I tell you," said Martin, as soon as they were alone once more.

"Tell me what? There is nothing so very wonderful as I can see about my nephew's being at Long Branch. But you heard what he said. Of course he had no hand in the matter."

"Well, I'm not so sure about that. I tell you he is a deep one if he does look honest. Do you remember the snap at that saloon where you got the wig pulled off?"

"Yes, why?"

"He was there, wasn't he?"

"Yes, and flew to my defense the moment he saw that it was me."

"Yes, I know it. Very good on his part, but, between you and I, I have heard that he put the job up himself."

"Nonsense, sir, nonsense!"

"Fact."

"But how could he? He couldn't have known me in that disguise."

"But he did, though, and I can prove it."

"Prove it?"

"Well, there is reasonable proof of it."

"It must be a mistake, Tom."

"Not the way I look at it. And I believe that he was at the bottom of this affair at the Branch. You see, according to his own showing, he was there in time to learn about the supper, and just for a lark he might have sent a dispatch to your wife."

Mr. Bounce was silent and thoughtful, and seeing that the idea was not wholly lost on his friend, Martin withdrew, promising to see him again before long.

"Good gracious!" thought the old merchant, "can it be possible that Tommy played that trick on me? His father always said that he was the greatest rogue alive, and just like me," he added, and smiled in spite of himself. "I will keep a sharp eye on Master Tommy in the future," he said, turning away to business.

Tommy wore a smile during the remainder of that day, and



on their way up town he told Frank all about it, and together they had a good laugh.

The next day he received a letter from Dovey, going further into their proposed ramble away to some wild country, and Tommy again set himself to work on the problem of how he should be able to do it.

"By the great horn spoon!" he exclaimed at length, "I think I have it. Where's Uncle Eben?" he said, going toward his private office.

The old gentleman was engaged upon some letters, and was alone. Tommy opened the door and walked in.

"Well, Tommy," said the old gentleman, looking up.

"Are you busy, sir?"

"Well, not dreadfully so. What is it?"

"I would like to have a talk with you."

"A talk with me?" he asked suddenly, for in an instant he suspected something, and was on his guard.

"Yes, sir."

The old gent eyed him closely, but he looked even more honest and earnest than ever.

"What about, Tommy?" he asked, at length.

"About business, sir."

"Oh, about business, eh? Well, I am always ready to talk with you about business. I am glad to see that you have already got a good insight into it, and as I have counted upon you as my successor one of these days, I want you to become the master of it. See?"

"Yes, sir, and it is on this very matter that I wish to speak with you. I wish to become a drummer."

"A what! A drummer?" asked the old man, starting back and looking at the young man in surprise.

"Yes, sir, I wish to travel and see the country, and at the same time become familiar with this part of the business."

"Why, Tommy Bounce!" exclaimed the old man.

"You must admit, sir, that the business might be increased in the West," he persisted in his most eloquent tones.

"And you wish to become a drummer?"

"Yes, sir, I am sure I could get up a good trade and enjoy myself at the same time."

"But what would your parents say?" asked his uncle, half inclined to favor the idea.

"Oh, for that matter, they would have no objection if you favored it. In fact, they consider that I belong to you, to do with me as you see fit—so far as learning the business is concerned."

"Well, when do you propose to start?"

"In a week or so, or as soon as I can get ready."

"But you know nothing about the business of drumming up trade. What sort of an outfit do you require?"

"Two strong trunks, made to carry samples in, a few letters of introduction and credit, together with the requisite amount of cheek."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old gent, "and do you think you have the requisite amount?"

"Well, I guess what little I have got, well cultivated, will carry me through all right," replied Tommy.

His uncle laughed heartily.

"Well, I'll think about it."

"And do you think favorably of it now?"

"Well, yes, if you can pay your way and at the same time become familiar with the country and the state of trade in other cities. I guess I'll let you go out and try your hand a few weeks."

"Thank you, sir. I'll begin to select my samples at once," said he, rising to go.

"All right."

Tommy returned to the store full of delight, while his uncle, now strongly suspecting that he had played several practical jokes on him, concluded that it would be quite as well to have him out of the way, at least until his family returned in the fall.

Tommy at once wrote for Dovey to come up to the city the next day, while his uncle made out a list of goods, drew drafts, and in various ways made preparations to send our hero away as a drummer for the hardware business.

Dovey was delighted and at once set about making preparations to accompany him, although it was all unknown to his uncle.

At the end of a week they were all ready and great excitement was manifested in the store, and many jokes passed around among the salesmen at Tommy's expense.

But Tommy knew what he was doing, and took their jokes all in good part.

"I wish you were going along with me, Frank," said he, when about ready to start.

"So do I, Tommy, for it will be as lonesome as a junk shop here after you have gone," replied Frank.

"Faith it will, sure. I'm afther fallin' it now," said the porter, Dennis, with feeling.

"Feeling what, Dennis?" asked Tommy.

"The lonesomeness, sure."

"Oh, well, you will have Frank here and when you feel exceedingly lonesome you can send for his washerwoman," said he, laughing.

"Give us a rest on that, Tommy," said Frank, turning away.

The reader will remember the trick that Tommy played upon Frank with a washerwoman.

"Oh, sorra, sorra; there'll be no more tricks an' fun now," replied Dennis.

Now to show what a blarney Dennis was, he had already played a trick on Tommy as a sort of parting blessing, but this is how it resulted:

Tommy had a medium-sized leather bag made to carry samples in, and had given it to Dennis to pack. His trunk had been packed with heavier samples, and shipped right through to Chicago, his future base of operations, while he intended to stop at a few intermediate stations and see what he could do with his lighter samples.

Well, Dennis thought it would be a nice joke to fill the bag with a lot of railroad spikes and let him discover them when he first opened his sample bag in the presence of a customer.

But Tommy had a curiosity to know how heavy the bag was going to be, so he lifted it while Dennis was not looking, and finding it exceedingly weighty, he dropped to the little racket right away, but said not a word.

At length everything being in readiness, Tommy shook hands with his uncle, received his last instructions, and stood ready to go.

"Dennis, I am going to walk over to the ferry, you come along and take this bag," said he, pointing to the one he had ballasted so heavy with railroad spikes.

"Yes, go along with him, Dennis," said Mr. Bounce.

"Howly Moses," thought Dennis, "I wonder does he suspect my trick? Maybe not. He has his coat an' things ter carry. But be gob, he'll get enough of it afore he gits to Buf-a-low," said he, taking it up.

Tommy watched him with a merry twinkle in his eye, and then turning once more to the clerks and salesmen in the store, he shook each of them heartily by the hand, and then left the store, followed by Dennis.

Tommy had plenty of time to reach the ferry, where he was to meet Dovey, so he walked slowly, for the purpose of giving Dennis the full benefit of his own joke.

The day was very warm, and the poor fellow sweat like a bull as he tugged along toward the Jersey City ferry. He almost regretted the joke he had played on his young friend, although it was then too late to mend it.

Arriving at the ferry, they went on board one of the boats, Tommy concluding to cross over and take Dennis along with him. This gave him half an hour longer to enjoy the joke.

Arriving in Jersey City, he found his friend Dovey waiting for him, and two more delighted youths never met. The whole great world was before them, and as they both had plenty of money, they resolved to enjoy all they could find.

They purchased their tickets, and then Tommy shook hands heartily with Dennis, who had placed the heavy bag before him.

A curious smile overspread the porter's features.

"Good-by, Dennis, old man. Be good to yourself while I am gone, and don't work too hard," said he, in his own good-natured way.

"Faith, an' I will not. It isn't a bit like me, Tommy, as ye well know."

"That is so. But I didn't know but that you would feel that you must work harder in my absence than when I was at home."

"Divil a fear, Tommy. But it's hopin' I am that ye'll have a foine toime all the while; see lots of the country, and make lots of money."

"I hope so. Well, good-by. But, by the way, Dennis, none of your practical jokes while I am gone," said he, slyly.

"Och, sure, ye know I niver play jokes on onybody. Sure it's yersilf that's up ter that sort of a thing, an' ye know it very well."

"Me, Dennis! I never joke."

"Murther, murther! Only hear him, an' afther those games on Frank Hoyt. Ax him if he thinks ye never play jokes."

"Well, you ask him when you return to the store."

"Ax him what?"

"If I ever play jokes."

"Och, sure he knows it as well as I do."

"Oh, you are mistaken, Dennis. You are the only joker in the store. By the way, Dennis, come back here a moment," said he, taking up his keys and unlocking his sample bag.

Dennis returned with a feeling of dread.

"Here," he said, taking the big bundle of railroad spikes out, "I guess I shan't need those, so you may take them back to the store."

Dennis was sick in an instant.



"I shan't need them," he repeated, handing the heavy bundle back to the dumbfounded joker.

Dennis attempted to speak, but could not. His foolishness took all the talk out of him. He looked first at Tommy and then at Dovey, and seeing a smile on each of their faces, he seized the heavy load and started back to the store with it.

"Don't play any tricks, Dennis," called Tommy, while both he and Dovey laughed merrily.

"Oh, go ter the devil," growled Dennis.

"Good-by. Show them to Frank, and tell him you never play tricks."

"The devil go ridin' wid ye," was the last growl they heard, and turning away laughing, they seated themselves in a car.

"Bad luck ter my stupid head," muttered Dennis. "He found out all about it afore we left the store, an' here he has made me lug the blame things away over here, an' now I've got ter lug 'em back agin. Was there iver such a thick skull as moine? Sure, I think it's made of pot-metal. Tare-an'-nouns! how hot it is. Musha, musha! but isn't this the devil's own job entirely? Faith, that Tommy's the devil onyhow, an' little good he'll be after doin' his uncle, I'm thinkin'."

This was muttered as he walked back to the store, and what was the worst of it, one of the clerks to whom he had told his little "joke," saw him when he entered, and put the spikes back into the bin where he had taken them from, and that being "too good to keep," the whole store soon learned of it, and it was a long time after that before poor Dennis heard the last of his little practical joke on Tommy Bounce.

The trains moved slowly out of the depot, and soon Jersey City began to fade away behind them.

They were fairly launched now, and what was in store for them they knew as little about as they cared.

"How is this, old man?" asked Dovey, after they were fully under headway.

"Good enough. How will it be?"

"Good enough, some more, or——"

"Or we'll make it so," replied Tommy, and the friends shook hands gleefully over their start.

## CHAPTER VI.

Tommy Bounce and his friend George Dovey were spinning along the road toward—where?

They didn't care a continental.

They only knew that they were out on the road, with the world before them and dull care behind them.

And two happier fellows never lived.

The cars were almost flying, for it was an express train, stopping only at larger places on the Erie road.

The country through which they were flying was beautiful. Hill, dale, mountains, rivers and streams greeted the sight on every side, and made them almost wild with delight.

The first regular stop was at Port Jervis, a beautiful place, where hundreds of the readers of "Snaps" reside.

Tommy and his friend got out on the platform of the depot to stretch their legs a bit and improve the five minutes' stoppage by looking around.

There was a crowd of people there, of course, as there generally is at railway stations when a train arrives or departs, but in this case there were a large number of country folks, there who had driven into town with their old nags and awkward wagons to see the "keers," or bring in some member of the family who was going on a journey.

A couple of these people instantly attracted the attention of our travelers. A man and his wife, middle-aged, and evidently from some interior farming district, stood tremblingly on the platform awaiting the final stopping of the train.

A few rods away two or three stalwart sons, one on either side, stood grasping the bridle of an old horse, evidently expecting to see him fly away in terror at the sight of the cars, although the poor beast scarcely noticed them, and looked as though it would take a good dose of the gad to worry him into a trot.

The engine began taking in water, and to blow off steam, the noise of which almost frightened the old woman out of her senses.

"Oh, lordy massy, Ephrim, she's bust!" she exclaimed, grabbing him by the arm and drawing him further away.

"Whoa, whoa, Nancy!" yelled the husband, evidently thinking more about the horse than his wife. "Hold her tight, boys," he called.

Tommy, who was enjoying the fun, thought he would have a little more, so he took a pistol from his pocket and discharged one barrel of it into the air above his head, causing both the old man and woman to leap up and nearly tumble to pieces.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned.

"There he goes!" moaned the old woman. "I knew some-

thing would happen, Ephrim, I knew it! Oh, dear, why didn't we stay at home?"

By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and Tommy and Dovey withdrew and returned to their seats in the car.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"All a-bust! I knew it!" moaned the old man, glaring wildly around.

Just then the bell began to ring.

"Oh, dear! What's that, for pity's sake?"

"All aboard!"

Then the whistle sounded.

"Gracious, gracious!"

"Come, come! Get aboard if you are going!" yelled the station agent, approaching them.

"What! Didn't everything bust?" she asked, turning mournfully to him.

A cloud of smoke and steam went floating down around the people who stood on the platform, and this added to the confusion of the old couple.

"No, no, there's nothing bust, unless it is your brain-pans. Come, get aboard, or you'll be left behind!"

"Come, Samanthee!" said the old man, plucking up courage and taking his wife by the hand. "What is the use of being afraid?"

"Oh, Lord, but I am, though. I think it's awful risky bizness, Ephrim," said she, holding back.

"Go ahead, shove along, you won't get hurt," said the agent, pushing them toward the car steps.

They had barely time to get upon the platform when the train started with a jerk, which nearly upset and frightened away what little sense they had left. But with the assistance of a brakeman they were pushed into the car where Tommy and Dovey sat, and, as luck would have it, seated just in front of them.

This was undoubtedly the first time in their lives that either of them had ever seen or been upon a train of cars, and a more thoroughly frightened couple were never encountered.

They sat tremblingly down and gazed anxiously around them. The passengers were all laughing at them, but they did not appear to notice it. They grasped each other's hands and seemed to be bracing up for the dread moment when a smash-up should come.

Tommy and his chum were convulsed with laughter, and made up their minds to have some fun with the timid couple.

Presently the conductor came in for their tickets. They both looked at him in mute surprise.

"Tickets," said he, a second time.

"Who?" asked the old man.

"Give me your tickets, if you please."

"Oh, yes. Be you the man that takes 'em?"

"I am."

"Wal, I didn't know. You see this is the fust time in our lives that we were on the keers, an' we didn't 'zactly know," and the old man made a dive to get at his pocket.

"Don't let go on me, Ephrim," whispered his wife.

"But, gosh darn it, I've got ter git at my tickets, ain't I? Set up; what yer 'fraid on?"

"Oh, Ephrim, how careless you are," said she, as he pushed her into an upright position on the seat.

"There they be, mister. They take us to Binghampton, don't they?" he asked, producing the tickets.

"Yes," said the conductor, punching them and hurrying along.

They both looked at the tickets as the conductor handed them back. At first they were unable to understand why he had returned them.

"Ephrim, that war a pistol that he had in his hand," said she, referring to the conductor's punch.

"No, it wan't no pistol, either. Guess I know what a pistol is, good 'nough."

"Yes, it war. Look, he's shot a hole clean through 'em both," and to sustain her assertion that the conductor had a pistol, she pointed to the holes in the tickets made by the punch.

"Gracious, Samanthee, don't say nothin' 'bout pistols; only see how fast we are goin'!"

They both looked out of the window.

"Oh, my, Ephrim, supposin'——"

"Yes, that's so, Samanthee. Oh, oh! what awful reckless folks there are in this world."

"Dear me, I wish we had gone with the wagon an' old mare," she whined.

"Jewhittiker!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Ephrim, don't swear. Only think."

"Lordy, lordy, how they do go."

"An' how they shake an' squirm around. If we ever live through it, it'll be a finger o' Providence."

"Yes, Samanthee."

Just then the conductor returned from going through the car.



"Say, you, mister, are we almost thar?" said the old man, plucking him by the coat.

"Almost where?"

"Tu Binghampton."

"Nonsense; you have only ridden three or four miles yet."

"Lordy; I thought we was goin' like lightning."

"Oh, no."

"Wal, don't take us past Binghampton, will yer? Ye see, mister, we're going there ter visit our darter, Jane Ann. She's married, and lives in Binghampton, and we arn't never seen her since she went away."

"She's married to a man by the name of Stumps. Maybe you know him, mister?" suggested the wife.

"Don't think I do," said the conductor, casting a glance at Tommy and his friend, who sat behind enjoying the sport.

"Wal, don't carry us beyond the town, will you?"

"Oh, no. You will hear the brakeman calling out the different stopping places," replied the conductor, turning away.

The fact was that it was not so much of a treat to him as it was to Tommy and the other passengers, for he came across such customers every day.

The old man turned around to watch the train official out of sight, all the while wondering how he could keep his seat, when his eyes rested on Tommy Bounce.

Tommy looked rather sympathetic, and so he made bold to speak to him.

"What der yer think of this, young feller?"

"Of what?" asked Tommy, leaning forward.

"Arn't we jist kickin', though?"

"No, sir, we are traveling on the railroad."

"But aren't we goin' fast!"

"On the contrary, my dear sir, we are going so very slow that my friend and I were just talking about getting out and walking," replied Tommy, looking as honest as a clam.

"What's that? Walkin'?"

"Yes; we were thinking about walking to the next station and waiting for the cars to catch up with us."

The old man turned squarely around at this, and looked at our friends in astonishment. But they both looked so honest that he was completely nonplussed, and turned back to his wife.

She asked him what the trouble was and he told her, after which she ventured to look around and observe our heroes.

"They must be durned fools, or else we be," said he, at length.

But yet he could not understand it, and soon turned to Tommy again. By this time the train had got out upon a long stretch of straightaway level track, and the engineer began to give more speed to his engine, until it was whizzing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"Tarnal goodness, young chap; don't you call this 'ere jist goin' fast?" he asked.

"Well, sir, the driver is picking up a trifle now, I must admit. But still we are going very slow, compared to what we shall go presently."

"You don't say so!"

"Mercy sakes! Faster'n this?" asked his wife.

"Oh, yes, about ten times faster than this," replied Tommy, coolly.

"Oh, Ephrim, I know we shall be smashed all tu pieces. Why didn't we go with the mare?"

The old fellow did not reply. It was evidently a conundrum that he gave up without a struggle. Presently he turned round again.

"I say, young feller, arn't there danger in goin' so drefful fast?"

"Oh, of course there is. Anybody might know that. But what do heartless corporations care if they only get our money?"

"Du you hear that, Samanthee?" he asked, turning to his wife.

She groaned in reply and grasped the arm of her seat still firmer.

"But of course you have got your lives insured?" suggested Tommy, bent on worrying them still further.

"Lordy no. We never traveled on keers afore, an' we didn't know what to do."

"Oh, Ephrim, I know'd you'd forget something."

"Well, everybody now-a-days traveling on the cars takes out an accident policy, so if the train goes to smash with them their friends will have something to remember them by."

"Great gosh!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Ephrim, why didn't we go with the old mare?" again put in his wife. "Oh!"

The car gave a lurch just then, and she grabbed him around the neck.

"Lemme be, Samanthee," he gasped.

"Oh, I'm sure we shall run off."

"Place up here where the train runs off the bridge every day, regular," suggested Tommy, as an additional consolation.

"Gracious! An' kill people?"

"No. It runs on the bridge at one end and off at the other," replied the young mischief-maker.

But the joke was lost on the old couple, who clung to each other even closer than ever, and seemed lost in the terrors that they supposed to be around them.

They glanced at the other passengers in the car to see if they anticipated danger, but they all appeared calm, and some of them were even so indifferent to the dangers that they were asleep.

Others were reading, laughing, or chatting with their companions as easily as though in a parlor.

What to make of such recklessness they did not know. It must be, they thought, that they all had their lives insured heavily and were tired of living anyway. At all events, the calm faces around them did not lull their fear much.

One or two more sudden jerks and swayings of the car made them cling to each other with renewed earnestness.

Tommy raised the back of the seat he was sitting in and let it fall with a loud bang.

"Mercy on us!" they both exclaimed, starting up.

"Anything broke, I wonder?"

The old man looked around at Tommy.

"What was it?"

"A broken rail, I guess."

"Didn't throw us of?"

"Oh, no; we're all right yet. It isn't every broken rail that destroys a train, and we may get through all right."

The passengers in the seats around understood what was going on between the frightened people and Tommy, and they were enjoying it hugely.

"Oh, Ephrim, I'm afraid we are neglecting something dreadful," said she.

"What is it, Samanthee?"

"Can't you repeat a passage of Scripture?"

"No, Samanthee, I—I'm so kinder mixed up that I can't think o' nothing."

"Can't you sing a hymn?"

"I don't know. I—"

He hesitated a moment and then struck up, "On Jordan's Stormy Bank I Stand." The two of them joined tremblingly in the good old-fashioned tune, and struggled through it the best they could, and it appeared to afford them much relief and consolation in their agony.

Just then the tram slowed up a trifle in going around a curve, and the engineer blew the whistle loud and long.

"Binghampton!" shouted Tommy, in an assured voice, as the noise of the whistle ceased.

"Gracious, Samanthee!" exclaimed the old man, leaping to his feet.

"Oh, oh!"

"Here we are, Samanthee! Get ready or we shan't have time to get off," he said, grabbing at their different bags and bundles.

"Hold on, Ephrim; don't go an' leave me."

"Come along," said he, with hands full of baggage, as he rushed toward the car door.

By this time the whole car was convulsed with laughter. But they never noticed this, so full of anxiety were they to get out before the cars started.

The old man was about to open the door, when a brakeman confronted him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Goin' tu git out."

"Where?"

"Binghampton!"

"Bing—thunder!" growled the brakeman.

"No, Binghampton."

"Bah! Go sit down. You won't be at Binghampton for two hours yet."

"Great gosh! Didn't yer jist holler out Binghampton?" he asked, in astonishment.

"No, no; you are crazy. Go sit down."

"Are you sure, mister?" put in the wife.

"Oh, go shoot yourself!" growled the brakeman, turning away.

Reluctantly the fooled couple returned to their seats, but they had to interview Tommy.

"Didn't you hear somebody yell Binghampton?"

"I thought I did," replied Tommy, innocently.

"I'm sure on it."

"Don't let that fellow fool you. These brakemen are impudent fellows, and just as leave fool a person as not."

"By gosh! he better not try to fool me, if I am an old man; he better not, by Jerusalem!"

"Don't get mad, Ephrim," said his wife, soothingly.

"Wal, Samanthee, s'posin' they take us 'way on beyond Binghampton?"

The poor woman groaned at the possibility, and the old man by this time had got his Jersey up, and was looking decidedly belligerent.



"What'll I do? Whar's the man that bosses the train?" he asked of Tommy.

"Away at the forward end of the train, probably."

"An' how'm I going ter get at him?"

"Ring the bell for him, I suppose."

"What bell? Whar?"

"Do you see that cord up there?" asked Tommy, pointing up to the signal cord that ran along the top of the car.

"Yes. What's that?"

"That is attached to his bell. Pull it."

The old fellow reached for that cord, and seizing it, he gave it a tremendous pull, while the passengers were roaring with laughter.

"If that chap has been a-foolin' me, I'll make him sweat for it," said he.

In a moment the train began to slacken up, and had come almost to a standstill before the conductor reached the car.

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded.

"We want to get off at Binghampton," yelled the indignant old man.

"Well, what if you do? Who pulled the signal cord?"

"I did."

"What for?"

"Didn't I just tell yer?"

"Thunder!" exclaimed the conductor, as with set teeth he pulled the cord again to signal the engineer to go ahead. "Now will you have the goodness to sit down and mind your own business?" said he, approaching them angrily.

"I don't want no foolin', mister."

"Neither do I."

"No, we want to stop at Binghampton," put in his wife.

"Well, you are not within a hundred miles of it yet."

"Great Gosh! You said I'd hear the chap sing out, an' I did."

"Nonsense!"

"Mean tu tell me I lie?"

"I'd have you know that my husband is a church member, an' the father of a family; and it arn't much likely he'd lie."

The conductor glanced around and saw how well the passengers were enjoying the fun and his anger was partially smoothed over.

"He yelled Binghampton, an' I thought you war carryin' us beyond it."

"Oh, you must be mistaken."

"Why, my wife Samanthee heard him, an' so did this young man," pointing to Tommy, who was trying in vain to look sober and honest.

"You will know it sure enough when we get there, for we stop fifteen minutes. So keep perfectly cool, and don't let anybody play tricks on you."

"I'd like ter see somebody play tricks on me, that's all," said the old Jerseyman, savorily.

"Well, all right. keep cool and let your hair grow," he added, going from the car.

After awhile the old couple got seated again and were talking the matter over between them.

She was all the while lamenting that they had not taken the old mare and wagon to make their visit with, for then they could have inquired of any person they met regarding their route and not be in any danger of being taken past their destination.

But presently the great speed of the train again attracted their attention, and once more they began to sing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and as before, it appeared to make them feel better.

Finally they got calmed down enough to go for their lunch-basket, as several others were doing.

But Tommy, by reaching under the seat, had been there before them, and taking a swig from their bottle of cold tea, had filled it up with some first-rate brandy which he had in a flask.

They ate their gingerbread and bread and butter with considerable relish, and every now and then each of them would take a swig from the tea bottle.

"Pears tu me, Samanthee, that this tea has a mighty cur'us taste," suggested the old man.

"I thought so too; but I guess it's because it's cold, when we've been used to drinking it hot," said she.

"Maybe; but I don't like this 'ere travelin' on keers no way;" and he took another swig of the tea.

Then he smacked his lips and looked thoughtful.

"What's the matter, Ephrim?"

"This 'ere tea seems ter be gettin' to my head."

"That's cos we're goin' so fast. Ephrim."

"If I didn't know better, I'd think I was a gettin' drunk."

"Law, Ephrim, how you talk! I feel the same way myself; but it's owin' ter the keers;" and so they ate and drank until it was all gone.

But the brandy was having its effect on them both, as neither of them was used to drinking liquor of any kind. The

effect was different, however. She was inclined to sing Psalm tunes in a very shrill key, and he wanted to hit somebody.

"Stop yer singin', Samanthee; who's afraid of bein' smashed up? I aren't."

"Why, Ephrim, how you talk!"

"Shut up! Just as live the durned old keers would go to smash as not," he said, waving his long arms around. "My name's Ephrim Stute, and I'm a wild hoss, I am!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Ephrim, what on airth is the matter with you?" she said, trying to hush him up.

"I want ter find the chap as yelled Binghampton, and made a fool of me; that's what's the matter with me, by thunder and lightnin'!"

"Oh, Ephrim, you are goin' crazy, I know you are. Do be good. What will folks think?"

"I don't care a continental. Show me the man?"

"Oh, Ephrim, we shall be smashed up if you keep on this way. I never knew you to do so before. It's the ridin' in the keers as is a-doin' it, I know."

It was with much difficulty that she managed to pacify him and keep him from going for that brakeman; but she succeeded in doing so at last, and he soon after went to sleep, greatly to the regret of the passengers, who had enjoyed so much sport at the old fellow's expense.

What had made him carry on so they did not know, until a man, who sat opposite to Tommy and saw him put the brandy in the tea, told one or two others, and set the joke going through the cars.

When they arrived at Binghampton it was night, and both being tired out, they were glad enough to get on the solid earth once more. Tommy shook hands with them both and congratulated them on their escape, which the old lady attributed to singing "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," and they parted company.

While getting supper at Binghampton sleeping-cars were attached to the train, and entirely a new state of affairs arranged for the comfort of the passengers.

Thus far they had gone on their journey. What lay on before them?

We shall see.

## CHAPTER VII.

We left our friends, Tommy Bounce and George Dovey, at supper at Binghampton, where they parted with the old couple, with whom they had enjoyed so much fun, and as sleeping-cars had been taken on for the accommodation of those who wished such luxuries, they left the refreshment room and entered the one assigned them.

In a few moments the whole car was occupied, and away they went out into the country in continuing their journey.

On looking around, he saw that the majority of the passengers were the same ones from New York with them, although there was probably half a dozen new faces there.

"Well, Dovey, I'm afraid we shall have to go hungry for fun during the remainder of our trip," said Tommy, after he had looked around.

"Why so?"

"I don't see anything that looks like fun in this car, do you?"

"Well, no, unless it is the old lady on the other side," replied Dovey, glancing at a middle-aged maiden sitting opposite.

Tommy looked up to see what he could make of her. She was a sharp-featured woman, showy in her dress, and evidently vinegary in her temper.

In her lap she carried a small cage, in which were half-a-dozen white mice, upon whom she evidently lavished the overflow of her heart, as she seemed to be very careful of them, and paid no attention to anything else.

Tommy's eyes sparkled as he saw them.

"What do you think?" asked Dovey.

"I guess there's fun there," he replied, quietly.

In a few moments their attention was attracted by a couple in the seat ahead of them. They were evidently a newly-married couple, and most likely on a wedding trip to Niagara Falls.

But how green and bashful they were. She was blushing like a June rose, and he appeared to feel so ashamed that he dared not look into the faces of his fellow passengers. In fact they acted as if they had been doing something wrong, and scarcely dared to look in each other's faces, even.

"So, so. What have we here?" asked Dovey.

"Something very soft and loving at all events. See how bashfully he looks at her," said Tommy.

"Fresh from the hymeneal altar, I'll bet."

"Fresh from it and fresh before it, I guess. But we are not so badly fixed as I feared we were. If we can't get fun out of the old gal with the white mice, we may possibly get some out



of these two white mice here. Let's go into the smoking-car for a while and see what's there," said he, getting up.

"Got any cigars?"

"Oh, yes. Come along."

"All right, go ahead. Our section is safe," and away they started for the forward end of the train, where twenty or thirty passengers were enjoying cigars after their lately bolted meal.

They took a vacant seat behind an Irishman. He was well dressed, but appeared to be laboring under some mental trouble. Each lighted a cigar and were soon puffing away like the rest, and after the example of the engine that was rattling them over the road at such a rate.

The troubled Irishman looked at the youths, and seeing them smoking, it seemed to add to his trouble somehow. Then he glanced around at the other smokers, and finally turning to Tommy, he said:

"Is it agin the rules ter smoke pipes here?"

"That depends altogether upon what kind of a pipe it is," said Tommy in reply.

"Sure, an' it's a dudeen."

"A what?"

"There it is," he said, holding it up.

It was loaded, ready for a good square smoke; but seeing the other passengers only smoking cigars, he was not sure that smoking pipes was allowable, and this was what had been preying upon his mind.

"Are you a naturalized citizen of the United States?" asked Tommy, with much gravity.

"Sure, I am that—I'm a voter."

"All right; you can smoke a pipe. Foreigners are only forbidden such luxuries."

"Is that so?" asked the gladdened Irishman.

"Yes, indeed."

"I'm obliged ter ye, young man. Wud ye be afther lendin' me the loan of a match?"

"A match? Oh, certainly," replied Tommy, taking a box of the patent safety matches from his pocket and handing him one.

These matches can only be lighted by scraping them on the box in which they are kept, it being covered with a chemical preparation which assists in igniting the point, and you may rub all day on anything else and they will not take fire.

"Good for ye, me lad; ye've civility about ye anyway," said he, taking the match and giving it a lusty rub along the seat of his trousers. "An', be me sowl, that's more nor iverybody's got."

He rubbed the match vigorously up and down his trousers, but of course it did not ignite. Then he turned up the sole of his boot and rubbed away on that for a while, after which he tried it on the floor, with no better success. But he kept on scratching until the match was all worn off on the end.

"Bad luck ter me! but there isn't a pinch of the devil's fire in it at all."

"What! Can't make it go?"

"Faith I can't. I think it's a bad one," said he, throwing it away.

"Never knew one of those matches to miss fire before in my life. See here," said he, taking another from the box and striking it on it.

Of course it ignited instantly.

"See," he added, holding it up and then throwing it away. "The matches are all right. You don't understand lighting matches, I guess."

"Begorra, young man, I've lighted thousands of them before you war born."

"I beg to differ with you, sir."

"Differ wid me! Der ye mane to say I lie?" he asked, somewhat sharply.

"Oh, no. I merely differ with you; that's all."

"All right. My name's Roger O'Malley, an' I'm a dacint man; an' ye'll foind no nonsince about me."

"I never suspected that there was."

"An' ye'd better not. I can tell ye that," said he, waxing wroth.

"But why don't you smoke?" asked Dovey.

"Faith, I war nearly forgettin' it. Give me the lind of another match, will ye?"

"Oh, certainly," said Tommy, handing him another.

"An' der ye know fut I'd do, young man?"

"Light it, I suppose."

"Maybe ye think I'm a granehorn."

"Oh, no."

"I'll lay ye a wager I light this the first try."

"Perhaps so."

"I'll lay ye a wager that I do."

"How much?" asked Dovey.

"Fifty cints."

"All right. I'll take that bet just for fun."

"Here ye are, young man. I'll give ye fifty cints' worth of

fun at all events," said he, placing a fifty-cent stamp on top of Dovey's.

"Ther fust toime, is it?"

"The first time. Go ahead."

"I'm a granehorn, am I?" he asked, canting himself over on one side, and drawing his pantaloons tightly over his thigh. "I'm a granehorn!" and he looked sharply at both of the young fellows.

"Go ahead," said Tommy.

Mr. O'Malley did go ahead, by giving the match a vigorous rub on his pantaloons, where he had ignited hundreds of matches, but he failed to light this one. But a more puzzled-looking man never was seen.

"Ah! I have won," said Dovey.

Mr. O'Malley made no reply, but he frowned at the business end of that match as though he would have swallowed it.

"You have lost your money, sir," said Tommy.

"Bad luck ter the money! But I have the match yet, an', begorra, I'll loight it or lave myself a corpse on the flure," said he, and he proceeded to rub that innocent match on the leg of his trousers until he nearly wore a hole through them. But nary a light.

"Bad luck!" he exclaimed, out of patience and about to throw it away.

"Stop! I'll bet you a dollar that I can light that match the first time," said Tommy.

"Out, ye spalpeen! Wud ye make one out a fool intirely? Sure don't I know there's no good at all in the darn thing?"

"Well, I'll bet you a dollar that I'll light it the first time, and that will enable you to get your money back, and more, if I do not do it."

"Faith, I'll do it. It'll serve ye right for supposin' I were a granehorn," said the victim, taking a dollar from his pocket.

"Now let me see the match."

"There it is."

Tommy took his box, and rubbing it on it gently, lighted it the first stroke. Mr. O'Malley's eyes stuck out further than before.

"See!" said Tommy, holding up the blaze to his victim. "Where's your pipe?"

Without a word he took the burning stick and proceeded to light his pipe with it, while Tommy quietly pocketed the dollar he had won.

"Sure, there's witchcraft in it," said O'Malley, settling down to enjoy the smoke he had so much trouble in getting.

"Oh, no. Nothing at all when you know how it is done," replied Tommy, getting up to leave.

"What's that?" said O'Malley, turning around suddenly.

But they had gone and he was left to his pipe and reflections. How to account for it he did not know, but it furnished him with food for thought for a long time.

As for Tommy and Dovey, after finishing their cigars and fun with their victim, they returned to their seats in the sleeping-car.

It was dark now, and the lamps were lighted. Some of the passengers were asleep, some reading, and others doing nothing.

The maiden with her white mice still sat there tending them, and the newly-married couple had got a trifle more used to the situation, and were conversing quite pleasantly.

The lights within and the darkness without reminded them of their courting days. His arm had stolen around her waist, and she was leaning her head on his shoulder, when every now and then she would roll her eyes up at his and look sheepish enough to have wool instead of hair.

Of course Tommy and his friend could do nothing but listen, while they waited for something else to turn up.

"Oh, George, do you think anybody in the car knows it?" she asked, tenderly.

"Knows what, 'Mandy?"

"That we are just married?"

"No, I guess not. But I don't care if they do," said he, sampling her lips.

"Oh, George!"

"Taint anything new for folks to get married."

"Oh, but to have anybody know it. It makes me feel awful, George."

"Yes, and me too, 'Mandy. But I don't care, durned if I do. It's nobody's business," and again he went to see if her lips tasted just the same as ever.

Just then the porter of the car began to hang up the curtains, to set up the partitions, and to make up the sleeping-berths.

"Oh, George, what are they doing?" she asked, as she caught sight of what was going on.

"George" looked around to see.

"Why, 'Mandy, they're making up the beds!"

"Oh, oh, George!" and she blushed deeper than ever.

"Don't mind 'em, 'Mandy," he said soothingly.

"Will they make up a bed here, where we sit?"



"Yes, 'Mandy."

"Two?"

"No; only one for two."

"Oh, George, don't let him do it. How it does make me feel," and she hid her face on his shoulder.

As for "George," he appeared to be as much confused as his wife was. He watched the colored porter, as with skillful hands he built up tier after tier of berths, and the passengers disappeared from sight.

Finally he reached the seat where they sat.

"Oh, George, don't let him!" said she.

"Haf ter 'sturb yer a few minits, boss," said he, touching the bridegroom on the shoulder. "Want ter make up dese yer bunks."

"But I say, can't you leave this one just as it is?" asked George.

"No, sah. Got ter make 'em all up, one arter anodder." Jes step out inter de passageway."

"Oh, George, what is he going to do?" she asked, clinging to him as he started to obey the porter's injunctions.

"Make up our bed."

"Oh, oh! what shall I do?"

The puzzled bridegroom placed his arm around her waist and drew her gently after him out into the passageway, while the porter proceeded to build up the compartments into a nice little room.

"Oh, George!" was all she could say.

"Never mind it, 'Mandy," he whispered.

"But what will people say?"

George sighed and said he didn't know.

"Dar you are, sah, all ready for retiring," said the porter, as he finished.

"I know I shall faint, George."

"Don't 'Mandy," and he led her in behind the curtain which hung before the bunks.

"What shall we do?"

"I don't know, 'Mandy, I'm sure."

"Can't folks see us?"

"I guess not."

"Well, don't let's undress, anyhow."

"All right, 'Mandy; just as you say."

Presently she spoke again.

"Supposing something should happen, George?"

"Oh, 'Mandy, don't get nervous," and again there was a widespread consultation regarding going to bed, somebody's looking, or the possibility of some accident happening.

In the meantime Tommy Bounce and Dovey had not been idle. Tommy had been watching the old maid and her white mice, and through an opening in the curtains he saw that she placed the cage near her head, and on the outer edge of her berth.

He kept his eye on that cage for a long time, and about midnight the vigorous music that came from her bunk would have convinced a deaf man that the mistress of the mice was asleep.

"If I could only get that cage open and let those mice out in the car, you'd see some sport," he whispered to Dovey.

Parting the curtains, he looked out and glanced up and down the curtained aisle to see if the coast was clear. The porter was dozing at the forward end of the car, and he was the only person visible.

Stealing out cautiously, he pulled aside the curtain before the bunk of the snoring maiden, and gently raised the slide of the cage where the mice were all stirring about, either because of their owner's snore, or the rattle and motion of the car.

At all events they were not long in finding out what had happened, and as Tommy stole back to his bunk they began to creep out and survey the situation.

White mice are quite as lively and inquisitive as ordinary ones, and one of them, more brave than the rest, proceeded cautiously to investigate the source of all the noise that his mistress was making. On doing this he, of course, tickled her nose, and she awoke with a scream.

In an instant she comprehended what had happened, and she screamed three or four times like a healthy Guinea hen, frightening the mice half out of their wits and bringing every passenger of the car to a bolt-upright position.

"Oh, George!" came from the bunk of the newly-married couple, while the porter seized his lantern and rushed hurriedly to the section from whence the screams were coming.

"What's de matter?" he asked, thrusting aside the curtains and looking in.

"What's the matter?" shouted everybody.

"Oh, George! something has happened!"

But the appearance of the porter only made matters worse, for, seeing a man break in upon the privacy of her sleeping-room, frightened her out of her wits, if she had any left, and made her yell louder than ever, while everybody leaped out of bed, thinking that somebody was being murdered.

"Go away! go away!" she yelled, hugging the bedclothing around her.

"What am de matter?"

"Go away, quick! Oh! oh! oh! there's one of them now!" she screamed.

"One of what?" asked the porter.

"Oh, she's got the jimjams," said somebody.

"Throw her out!" cried another from the lower end of the car.

"There he goes! Oh! oh! oh! There he is! I feel him now!" she howled again, flapping and turning around in her bed.

By this time a dozen men and women had gathered around to see what the trouble was.

"Oh, George!" could be heard every few seconds, but George wasn't there to get up to see what had happened.

"What is the trouble?" asked several, as the old maid squealed and kicked again.

"Are you sick?" asked a lady.

"No, no," and again she screamed.

"What is it, then?"

"My six white mice have escaped," said she, pointing to the empty cage.

Then there was a chorus of screams, and such scampering as was never seen before, it being a well-known fact that a woman is frightened more at a mouse than she is at a tiger.

The scene was comical in the extreme, as those lady passengers made a dive for their beds again, running against one another, against half-dressed men, and making all kinds of mistakes in their hurry by getting into wrong bunks and playing the mischief generally.

"Oh, Georgie, what is it?"

Tommy and Dovey were peeping out through their curtains and enjoying the fun hugely.

In less than four shakes of a goat's tail there was not a lady passenger in sight, and the men were not slow in getting out of the way either; yet during all the time the old maid was yelling and calling for her lost mice, and imploring the passengers not to harm them if they found them in their bunks.

This produced another general squeal. The bare idea of a mouse getting into their beds was enough to make everybody have the magrams, and there was no show for any more sleep that night.

"Oh, my little darling mice!" she moaned.

"Dry up!" yelled three or four of the indignant male passengers, but, like Rachael of old, she mourned for her children and refused to be comforted.

"I hope there's no horrid cat in the car," she moaned.

"I wish there was a dozen," growled an old fellow in the next section.

"Oh! ah!" screamed another lady at the other end of the car.

"What is it?"

"I'm sure I felt one of those dreadful mice nibbling at my toe."

"Oh! oh!" general chorus.

"Don't harm the dear creatures," called out the owner, pathetically.

"Oh, George!"

"Ah! I feel one," cried another female voice in the next bunk, at which the women started a general howl, and the men joined in with oaths and cuss words.

The porter went for the conductor, and he tried to settle matters down. But he didn't have very good success, for every now and then until daylight the next morning the quiet would be broken by some fidgety woman screaming out because she fancied that she felt a mouse around her.

The fact was, Tommy Bounce had succeeded in raising the very devil in that car, and could the indignant passengers have known the truth of the matter I don't know but they would have lynched him, to say nothing of what the owner of the mice would have done had she known all about it.

Well, the next morning found a cross-looking and cross-acting lot of passengers, and the frowns and uncomplimentary remarks that were made for the benefit of that sorrowing old maid would have started a balky horse.

But she couldn't find her mice, and went with tears in her eyes around from one to another to know if they had seen either of her little darlings.

As for Tommy and Dovey, they had laughed over the affair until they were sore, and had to look solemn in spite of themselves.

But here they were at Niagara Falls, and they hurried their dressing to go out and see the great sights at this renowned place, feeling that they had fun enough for a while.

From the cars they were driven to one of the hotels, where they breakfasted, and then started out to see the wonderful Falls of Niagara, the largest and most sublime of any in the world.

But we will wait until our next chapter before giving



Tommy's adventures at this place, for it was quite as lively as any we have yet seen him in.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I take it for granted that every reader of "Snaps" has either seen Niagara Falls, read about them, or seen pictures that attempted to represent them. But pictures or descriptions fail to do them justice, as every one knows who has visited them.

Neither Tommy Bounce nor his friend and traveling companion, George Dovey, had ever seen them, although they had read much regarding the wonders, and were quite anxious to gaze upon them.

I will be quite well understood by this time by the readers who have followed my hero since his first appearance in the dog-cart, where the dog ran down and captured a rabbit, and spilled him and his sister around so lively, that he always found fun wherever he was, and although he had a quick eye for the grand and beautiful in nature and art, yet there was always a comical side that he was sure to find out.

Going from the hotel, they started toward the Falls, the roar of which increased as they drew near; a roar so deep, so thunderingly grand, that man, beast, or bird seem awed into silence as they approach.

Going into Prospect Park, they obtained the finest view to be had on the American shore—Canada being on the opposite side of the river and Falls, claiming one-half of them, and, in many respects, the finest view of them.

Think of a mighty river tearing and tumbling down a mile or two of rugged declivity, forming the "Rapids," and then, with the speed of an arrow and force inestimable, plunging over a table of rock one hundred and sixty feet, into a foamy and seething abyss below. And these falls are altogether about half a mile wide, being broken only at Goat Island.

Like every one else who gazes on this sublime sight for the first time, Tommy and Dovey stood silent and awe-struck, for the truth is, the Falls are so vastly superior to anything that has ever been painted or lithographed of them, that a person is made to feel about the size of a grasshopper in their presence.

For a long time they both gazed in silence.

They had nothing to say; they were lost in wonder and amazement as they stood there in the presence of the greatest natural wonder on the face of the globe.

"How is that for high?" asked Tommy at length.

"That wins," replied Dovey, while his two eyes stuck out like hard-boiled eggs.

"It would be easier swimming down than up, don't you think so?"

"Well, just a trifle easier, although I think I would about as soon attempt one as the other."

Buying a guide book, they soon made themselves acquainted with the principal features of the place, and spent several hours here and at Goat Island, one of the most beautiful places in the world. It is only a small island standing in the rapids, and parting both them and the falls, and is covered with a beautiful forest of trees and shrubbery.

On Luna Island (a little island for a cent, as they said) one can approach the very brink of the falls, and gaze down the dizzy height to where the plunging waters thunder, hiss, and foam themselves into snowy whiteness. This little islet is connected to Goat Island by a bridge, as Goat Island is also connected by a suspension bridge, spanning the awful rapids, to the mainland.

They visited the western extreme of the island, where they had a fine view of the Horse Shoe Falls, which is really the grandest and most beautiful of the lot, after which they procured waterproof suits and a guide, and descended a long spiral stairway which led to the Cave of the Winds.

This is really the space behind the Falls; the rock over which they plunge being nearly perpendicular, and as the water shoots over from a plumb line, it leaves a space between it and the rock into which visitors possessing nerve enough can go, although there is such a spray flying that one gets as wet as he would in a regular shower.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Dovey, "this is enough to make a fellow think of his sins."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Tommy. "I should think you would be kept pretty busy."

The guide laughed and suggested that it was better than going to church.

"Well, let's go out," said Dovey, for in spite of himself the surroundings were a trifle more than his nerves could stand.

"Ah! I always knew you had a very bad conscience," said Tommy, laughing again. "But, I say, Dovey, how I would like to have old Pike, our old janitor at Andover, here."

"Yes, or old Pray."

Again they laughed heartily and followed the guide out from

under the Falls, and once more reached the little bridge that spans along from rock to rock below, and over which they had come from the stairway.

While here they stopped and looked up at the tumbling torrents so far above them. Lake Erie was emptying itself madly at their feet!

Back again and in their own clothes, they went once more to Luna Island. There were several visitors there, and now that Tommy had seen all there was to see from the American side, he began to observe who were "taking it in."

And they all had different styles of doing it.

Some were holding their mouths and eyes open to take it in; some were gazing in mute admiration, while others were gabbling about various points of interest and volunteering all sorts of information, and not unfrequently to the disgust of those about them.

One foppish sort of a fellow was talking loudly about various things connected with the Falls, trying to make those around him believe that he was perfectly familiar with everything in and around the neighborhood, although according to Tommy's guide book, he was either making up much of his information or the fellow who wrote the guide book was an ignoramus and didn't know what he was about.

This was "nuts" for Tommy, and he resolved to have some fun with the loud-mouthed cheat, at the same time making up his mind that he had never been there before in his life. So, watching his opportunity, he approached him.

"I say, my friend, which is Niagara Falls, and which the Horseshoe Falls?"

"Sir?" said the chap, rather sharply.

"I beg pardon. But I see you are acquainted here, and being a total stranger myself, I ask for information."

"Oh, that's all right. These are Niagara Falls and the Horseshoe is over yonder."

"Thank you," said Tommy, while a smile on the faces of several who stood around showed that they appreciated the joke.

"And where is the Cave of the Winds?" he asked, with all innocence.

"It is a cave in the middle of Goat Island."

"Oh, it is, eh? Have you been in it?"

"Yes, often."

"And is this Goat Island?"

They were standing on Luna Island, it will be remembered.

"Yes, this is Goat Island."

"Where we are now?"

"Yes, right here," replied the chap, who just then manifested some uneasiness.

"Then what a liar the guide is, and the person who wrote this book," said Tommy.

"Why so?"

"Because he says this is Luna Island, and the chap who took us down over that bridge path a few moments ago actually had the cheek to say that the Cave of the Winds is under the Falls where he conducted us."

Tommy looked the cheeky impostor full in the face, with a half comical, half injured expression, and several persons who had been listening to the conversation laughed loudly.

That chap turned white and looked sick.

"The guide was right, and so is your guide book, young man, and this fellow is an ass," said an old gentleman who knew all about the place, and had seen through the bombastic talk of the youth.

Another laugh failed to make him feel any better, and he was about to move away when Tommy spoke to the brusque old fellow.

"Sir, you must be mistaken. I have often heard that there was a great deal of humbugging here at Niagara Falls, and as this gentleman is wholly disinterested, it stands to reason that he should be more truthful than the money-making guides."

"Oh, bah!" said the old fellow, impatiently.

He was about to turn away in disgust, but being evidently mad, he expressed himself.

"I tell you, sir, he's an ass, and can't even see that you are quizzing him. Bosh!" and he whirled around and walked impatiently away to another point of observation.

"Sir, I think his nibs is crazy," said Tommy, pointing to the old fellow. "I have the utmost confidence in your information, and I do not doubt but that the ladies and gentlemen standing around us have also. Gentlemen, I propose a vote of confidence in the gentleman who has so kindly given us so much information," said he, turning to those who stood about.

But that crestfallen young guide-post didn't wait to be honored. He saw that he had made a donkey of himself in attempting to show off in the presence of some ladies, and without loss of time he proceeded to lose himself in the woods of Goat Island, while a laugh that was heard above the roar of the falls greeted his ears as he went.

Laughing as they walked along, they went around Goat Island, visiting the Sister Islands, a romantic group of three



little clothed islets on the northwest of Goat Island, and standing close together in the angry rapids. They are well worth visiting, each being linked to the other by a suspension bridge, and presenting probably the finest view of the Rapids to be found anywhere.

After enjoying the sights for awhile, they were returning when they met an old man and his wife, evidently from the interior. They were apparently hesitating about going over the suspension bridge which spanned to the first little island.

"I say, young chap, will they hold?" called the man, as our friends approached them.

"Hold—hold what, water?" asked Tommy.

"No, dang it, of course I don't mean that."

"Well, what do you mean? Will it hold your horse? Is that what you ask me?"

"No, gosh dang it! will they hold ye up?" said he, somewhat impatiently.

"Oh, you ask if the bridge will support your weight?" said Tommy, honestly.

"Yes, that's what he means," said his wife.

"I understand. Well, that depends upon how much you weigh. The bridge will possibly sustain a weight of three hundred pounds."

"Gosh! Why, I weigh two hundred myself, an' I guess the old gal weighs about a hundred an' fifty."

"Ah, that will never do. You must go over one at a time."

"Oh, my!" moaned the wife.

"All right; one at a time it is then, long's we don't have ter chop up any finer'n that. Much 'bliged, young man. Come, Hannah," he said, turning to his wife.

"And you must walk very carefully over, for the motion you give to the suspended bridge makes it very dangerous and is liable to throw it into the rapids; good-day," and he and Dovey turned away and secreted themselves behind a clump of bushes to watch the old couple.

"You go fust, Hannah," said he.

"No, you, Hiram; you're heaviest."

"Yes, an' I might burst the durn thing; you go over an' I'll foller you."

"No; don't let's go anyway."

"Yes, by gosh all henflock, I'm goin' tu have my money's worth an' see every durn thing there is in the Niagry, durned if I don't. Now go ahead, Hannah."

"Well, you steady it while I walk," said she.

"Yes; go ahead."

He seized one of the cables, and bracing himself with all his might, he did his best to "steady" the bridge while she crept carefully across it on tiptoe. It was a laughable sight to see as the bridge is fully capable of supporting one hundred tons weight.

"There! Now you come, Hiram," said the wife triumphantly.

"Yes, I—I'll come, Hannah. Steady it."

She seized the massive cable on the other side and began to "steady" it, while her husband crept across as though walking on eggs.

Tommy and Dovey could scarcely help yelling out their suppressed laughter as they saw the old fellow creeping along.

When about half way over a party of half a dozen gentlemen and ladies came along behind him and marched upon the bridge.

"Oh, oh! keep back there!" shouted Hannah.

"Hold on! You'll break the cussed thing down! Go back!" yelled Hiram, gesticulating wildly with his arms.

"What the devil is the matter with that old fellow?" asked one of the party as they halted.

"Drunk, I guess," suggested another.

"Hold on! hold on! The bridge won't hold more'n one at a time!"

"The man's crazy," said a third one, and they started upon the bridge, while Hiram scrambled along with his hair standing on end.

His wife caught him in her arms as though she had snatched him from a watery gulf beneath, and they stood in open-eyed wonder and alarm, watching the approaching party, expecting to see the bridge go down with them.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" asked one of them, as they reached him.

"Gosh all turnip-sauce! What an escape!" said he.

"Escape? What do you mean?"

"Why, the darned thing'll only hold up three hundred pounds, and it's a wonder alive that you hadn't broke it."

"We came over one at a time," said his wife, whereat the party laughed heartily.

Tommy and Dovey were enjoying it all, you bet.

"Why, man, you are crazy."

"No; two young men just told us so, and they warned us to be careful," said Hannah.

"Then they were only fooling you. Why, each one of these

bridges will support more people than could crowd upon them."

A merry laugh followed, and the old couple looked at each other as though mystified.

"They were only trying to frighten you, that's all," said a lady, as the party resumed its way.

The old man didn't make any reply, but the way he set his teeth and clenched his cane convinced Tommy that he was safer where he was than he would be in reach of it.

"Hannah, we're a pair of fools," said he.

"You did it yourself, Hiram. You'd no business to ask 'em anything about it," said she.

"Wal, gosh all brimstone, how's a man that's a stranger tu know if he don't ask?" he asked, indignantly.

"Don't swear, Hiram."

"Great smoke! If I could only lay hands on that young fraud for about five minits. I'll bet his own mammy wouldn't know him," said he, spitting on his hand and grasping his cane.

"Oh, never mind, Hiram. Come along and let us see the sights. Come," said she, tugging at his arm as he stood gazing in the direction the boys had taken.

"Great nail kegs! How I du itch ter get a hold on them chaps. The idea of fooling me an' makin' me crawl over the darn bridge like a sick hen."

"Go carefully, old man," shouted Tommy, as the old fellow turned to go away.

In an instant he turned back, and would have made a break for the young mischiefs had not his wife caught hold of him.

"Lemme go. Lemme blister that young cuss!" he yelled, but she was stony, and retaining her hold at length managed to get him started the way they were going.

Tommy and Dovey watched them out of sight, and then came from their concealment and started back to the mainland.

Their next visit was to the great suspension bridge that spans the angry river from the American to the Canadian shore.

It is about one hundred and seventy-five feet above the surface of the river, and is a mechanical curiosity, well worthy of a visit from a long distance to see.

Paying their toll, they started to walk across.

The sight was a beautiful one, for from this bridge the eye can take in the "Bridal Veil," the American and Canadian falls, and the dark green, foam-flecked waters of the river below, as well as the rapids above.

After observing the sight for a long time from their vantage ground, they crossed over and stepped upon the dominions of Queen Victoria, it being the first time that either of them had ever drawn breath under any other flag than the Stars and Stripes.

"Long live the Queen!" cried Dovey.

"To be sure. But I say, Dovey, I don't see as the air tastes much different here."

"Oh, you are prejudiced in favor of the United States. But let us go to the battlefield of Lundy's Lane. The air may have a different flavor there."

"All right; let's try it."

A coachman was soon engaged to take them to the falls on that side of the river, and which is really the finest view of anywhere, after which they were driven to the bloody battlefield of Lundy's Lane, where General Scott won the first of his immortal honors.

"It isn't a bloody field now, is it?" asked Tommy of the driver, who was taking them slowly up hill toward it.

"No; but it's a bloody hard road to get to it," replied the driver, dryly.

They were both familiar with the history of that stubborn fight, but being now upon the very spot where it transpired, made their patriotic blood run quicker and their hearts swell with pride.

After listening to a detailed description of the battle by an old man who fought in it, the boys each gave him a dollar, and thanking him earnestly for his attention to them, they resumed their hats (which they had removed out of respect to the old hero and the place where they stood) and were driven back again to the bridge, where they soon crossed, and again stood on the soil of their native land.

Up to now their admiration and patriotism had kept their mischief down, but it had been a long time since they had enjoyed a laugh, and Tommy began to look about in search of fun.

They walked through a long line of live Indians who were industriously peddling their curiosities to visitors, and found themselves once more in Prospect Park.

Being tired, they sat down there to rest on one of the benches where a good view of the watery glories was to be had. They talked over the events of the day and commented upon the grandeur before them.



hardware store, and without the loss of any of his pluck he boldly entered and asked to see the proprietor. He chanced to be near at hand.

"Good morning, sir. I represent the house of Ebenezer Bounce, hardware dealer, New York, and I——"

"Well, young man, if you are a drummer, you may represent Mr. Bounce on the bounce," replied the proprietor, with a wicked smile, that showed that he thought he had made a first-class pun.

"Sir, I do not understand you," said Tommy.

"Represent Mr. Bounce somewhere else; I don't wish to buy anything; have got more on hand now than I can sell."

"But I have new styles that——"

"That would sell, perhaps, and leave me with a stock of old goods on hand. No, sir, I'm not buying to-day," said he, with a lordly wave of his hand as he turned away.

"Very well, sir, but you are mistaken."

"How so?"

"I didn't come to sell you."

"Then what?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said he, setting his samples down on the counter. "I have just come from Mr. Tenpenny's, after having sold him a large bill, and he wished me to promise that I would not sell you, and——"

"What is that, young man?" exclaimed the merchant. "Old Tenpenny didn't want you to sell me?"

"Of course. Said he would countermand his order if I sold you."

"Great ragpickers! Why, the confounded old rascal, I can buy and sell him."

"I wish I could sell him," thought Tommy.

"Now let me tell you, young man, you had better look out for your pay! I can tell you that."

"Oh, I guess that's all right. At all events I shall leave it for my uncle to find out. But I thought it would be no more than fair to call on you and let you see some samples of new goods, so that you can call on us when you go to New York, that's all."

The merchant was almost too mad to speak. Tommy opened his samples and spread them before him, but he scarcely noticed them.

"I say, Jacksnap," said he, calling to his bookkeeper, "if there is anything on the books against Tenpenny, make a bill right out and send it to him; and if he sends over here again for any accommodations, don't let him know that we have got what he wants, the old reprobate."

After sputtering around for a few moments he turned and examined the samples. As a matter of fact, Tommy had samples of goods that the merchants of Buffalo did not have, and the mad dealer wanted them the worst way.

"And you can't sell me the goods?"

"Well, you see how I am fixed," said Tommy, shrugging his shoulders.

"Oh, bah!"

"But I thought it would only be right to call and let you see them. You can call and see us the first time you are down to the city."

"Oh, thunders! I may not go to York for a year. But I say, how large a bill did Tenpenny buy of you?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"About twenty-five hundred dollars' worth," replied Tommy, who was doing some tall talking.

"Well, now, young fellow, I will show you how we can work it. Of course you want to sell the largest bill you can?"

"Of course."

"All right. If you will not fill Tenpenny's order, I will buy a bill of five thousand of you, cash on delivery. What do you say?"

"Well, I hardly know. Will you stand between me and all harm in the matter?"

"Of course I will."

"All right; then I'll do it."

"Good enough!"

"Select your order, and I will take no notice of Tenpenny's."

The indignant merchant went to work with a will, and in fifteen or twenty minutes had selected an order for a bill of goods amounting to a trifle more than five thousand dollars. This he made out in the form of a regular order, and, after signing it, gave it to Tommy, together with directions about shipping the goods.

"There you are, young fellow, and here are three or four references, which may be required, as I have never dealt with you before."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, whenever you are this way again, call on me."

"I certainly shall," replied Tommy, packing up his samples and moving away toward the door.

"Now let old Tenpenny howl. I'll undersell, oversell, and outsell him, in spite of blazes."

"I hope you may," said Tommy, as he left the place. "Victory number one for the Drummer Boy of New York."

Gloating over his good fortune, he bent his steps to another hardware store and called for the proprietor.

"Good day, sir. I am in Buffalo representing my uncle, Ebenezer Bounce, a large wholesale hardware dealer, whom you may know; and as I have sold bills of our new goods to several of the leading dealers here, I thought it would be only fair for me to call and show you what we have, and give you a chance to put yourself on a footing with them, if you feel so disposed."

"And yet so young!" exclaimed the merchant, who has listened to Tommy's remarks with much astonishment.

"Sir?"

"Great God! what will he be by the time he is forty?" asked the merchant, turning to his partner, who stood near by.

"An auctioneer, perhaps."

"Or a lightning-rod man."

"We are introducing a very fine lot of new and improved articles, gentlemen."

"No, my boy, don't waste your sweetness here, for I assure you it is desert air," said the man, in a half mocking tone. "But it was very kind of you to call on us—very kind; and if we were taking any stock in drummers we certainly would examine your samples. Good-day," and he was about turning away.

"All right, sir; but allow me to leave our card, so that when you find yourselves losing your custom on account of Mr. Bitstock's having a superior line of goods at the same price, you will know where to order."

"What is that you say, young man—Bitstock?"

"Yes, sir—Hiram Bitstock. Here is his order for five thousand dollars' worth of beautiful goods that will take the shine right off of you," said Tommy, flourishing the order.

The two merchants whispered together a moment.

"Good-day, gentlemen. I'll leave our card," said Tommy, turning to go.

"Wait a moment. What have you got?" said they, approaching him with some interest and anxiety.

"I'll show you, gentlemen," he replied, opening his sample case.

The result was that Tommy sold about fifteen hundred dollars worth of goods of the same description that he had sold to Mr. Bitstock.

"Another one for Pluck," said he, as he left the store. "This drumming is a splendid thing to develop one's cheek."

Entering another store, he sought the owner and began with even greater confidence.

"Good-afternoon, sir. I represent the house of Ebenezer——"

"Here, Sam!" shouted the merchant.

"Comin', sah," and before Tommy could comprehend the situation a big, strapping negro porter stood between him and the owner.

"A drummer—heave him out!"

"But, my dear sir," said Tommy.

"Bounce him!"

"All right, sah. Come, get 'long out ob dis yer, now—git!" said the porter, pushing him toward the door.

"Don't you strike me," said he.

"Strike you! Golly, I won't neber do dat. I war allus kinder children. But go right 'long; we don't want no drummers heah, nohow."

"But I'm no drummer."

"Don't care if you am a preacher; I allus does what de boss tells me," said he, opening the door to show Tommy out.

"I say, Sam, tell your boss that he has made an ass of himself. I came to pay a bill that he will never get now," said he, turning away.

"Great possums!" mused Sam, going back to tell his boss about it.

But he had better have said nothing about it, for he got a jawing for his pains; the boss laying it all to him, and spending the remainder of the day trying to think what bill it was that the young man had come to pay.

In fact, it made him very unhappy, and he resolved not to take the next man for a drummer until he really knew whether he was one or not.

The next place he went into happened to be owned by an old friend of his uncle's, and after making himself known, he had no difficulty in selling him a thousand dollars' worth of goods, after which he returned to meet Dovey and compare notes.

"Not a bad job for your first day's work," said Dovey, after looking over his orders.

Tommy related to him the fun he had had, and how he managed to get his orders, and they laughed heartily over it.

After supper he wrote a long letter to his uncle, enclosing the orders he had taken, and telling him his experience since leaving New York, after which they walked out to see how the streets and the Buffaloes looked by gaslight.



They found it to be a bright, wide-awake city, with some of the smartest, sharpest boys to be found in any city in the world. Although not living in the metropolis, they were eminently "Boys of New York."

They visited the theatres, and after enjoying themselves first-rate returned home tired, and glad to go to bed.

It was a warm night, and, after returning to their chamber, they threw off their outer garments, opened the windows, and the door leading into the hall, in order to get the cool breeze which blew over the city from Lake Erie.

Lighting each a cigar, they lay down upon their beds to enjoy them; and to talk over the fun of the day, and to lay out plans for the future.

They had not lain many minutes before they heard a noise in the hall, out near the head of the stairs, as though some one was tumbling up on all-fours.

"What's that, I wonder?" asked Dovey.

"A load of whisky, I guess," replied Tommy.

"Hark!"

Presently they heard a shambling, uncertain step, and some one muttering as they came.

"Corn-juice," said Tommy; "I knew it."

In a moment they were enabled to make out a portion of what was being said.

Tommy walked to the door, and there saw an old fellow trying to balance himself along with outstretched hands to steady his course along the hallway. He was about fifty years of age, and it did not require his damaged hat (that looked as if it had been sat on), the knot of his neck-handkerchief round under his ear; his coat buttoned up wrong, or his blazing-red face and half-closed eyes to convince a person that he was drunk.

"Steady, ole man; mussen let on zat yer drunk, or ole woman'll raise skunks. Brace up, an' show yerself—hic!" he muttered, as he worked his way slowly along toward their room. "Don't care snap for ole woman, anyway—damfido (hic!). Bust her in 'er, snoot for shent any time, drunker-sober. Wonder if she's sittin' up for me?—hic! If she is, I'll lick her black an' blue, surer'n thunder, seefidn't; an' if she's gone ter bed, I'll lick'er anyhow! Bounter have shum fun fidieforit!"

By this time he had reached within a few feet of their door, and Tommy stepped back and turned the light almost down, and kept out of the way to see the fun.

"Oh, no, zat's all right; she's left 'er door open, didn't yer, ole woman?" said he, as he staggered up against the edge of their door and leered stupidly into the room.

Tommy and Dovey were bursting with laughter, but they held their peace.

"Gone ter bed, old gal, say?"

But there was no reply.

They saw at once that the tipsy old fellow had made a mistake, and supposed their room to be his own, where his wife was waiting for him.

"Besser get up an' hug yer lovin' husband, or I'll stan' yer onerhead, will, by thunder, see fidn't," and he braced himself carefully on the edge of the door-jam, and managed to edge himself into the room, or, at least, to the inside of the jam.

Here he stood for a moment, looking with his half-closed eyes into the dimly-lighted room.

"Wassermatter, olewoman? Sleep? Don't yer hear yer lovin' husband?" he asked, and then he looked slowly from one of the beds to the other.

"Washer doin', old woman? Where ze ozzer bed come from? Gone ter takin' boarders since I've been away, or has muzzer-in-law come? Benter goin' ter speak ter me? Then I'll wallop yer for fun; been needin' it for shix months," and he made a dive for the bed where Dovey lay, yelling like a wild man.

As quick as thought Dovey caught up his pillow, and standing up on the bed, he met the old fellow as he staggered toward him; he banged him over the head with it, knocking his hat down over his eyes, and nearly shaving his ears off.

Tommy pulled the bell-cord smartly, and then seizing his own pillow, he went for the old fellow, who was bellowing like a bull, and staggering about in the darkness without the slightest idea of what was happening him unless it was that a young earthquake had caught him on the fly.

"Hold on, Maria—hold on! I cave, old woman—I cave!" he bellowed, but without speaking a word they kept banging away at him, knocking him this way and that, and utterly confusing him, and raising a terrible hubbub in the hotel, and bringing everybody at a dead run for the scene.

"Hold on, Maria!" the old fellow kept crying, and just before anybody reached the room Tommy turned up the light.

"What's this?" asked the landlord, rushing into the room.

"That's what we would like to know," said Tommy.

"Maria!" moaned the old man.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Tenpenny?" asked the clerk, the first to recognize the old fellow, assisting him to pull his head out of his hat.

"I dorno. Where's Maria?" he asked, looking mournfully around the room.

"This isn't your room."

"He came in here, and supposing me to be his wife, he began to flog me, and we went for him," said Dovey.

"Thought you was his wife, did he?" said an angular-looking woman, elbowing her way through the crowd in the doorway.

"Here is your wife," said the landlord.

"You were going to flog me, were you?" she asked, taking him by the ear.

"Oh, no, Maria, I was only fooling," said he, as she led him toward the door.

The amusement he had been subjected to had completely sobered him.

"Come along, I'll give you some fooling, you miserable, drunken old lout."

"Don't Maria."

"I'll don't you. Come along," she replied, fastening her nippers upon his souse still firmer, and pulling him into the hall.

Their room was only two doors from that occupied by our friends, and the reader understands by this time how the mistake happened to the poor old fellow.

Such a laugh as the affair created was never known in that hotel before.

Tommy told the crowd how he had staggered upstairs and through the hallway, and how he finally entered the room, supposing it to be his own, and how he fared when he attempted to chastise his wife, mistaking Dovey for her.

It appeared that he was an old boarder at the hotel, and one of the nicest old fellows in the world, a merchant, only he would get as full as a goat once in a while, and imagine that he could make his wife toe the mark. But in this he always found his mistake, as she could bring him up to the mark every time, drunk or sober.

The party enjoyed the affair, and the landlord apologized to the young men for the annoyance.

"Oh, don't mention it, my dear sir," said Tommy, "for we haven't had so much fun in a long time as the old fellow has furnished us."

After being left alone Tommy threw himself upon his bed, and laughed long and heartily, during which performance he told his chum all about Tenpenny, and how he fired him out of his store that morning.

The next morning he wrote this note to him:

"Dear Old Tenpenny: You bounced me out of your store yesterday morning, when I attempted to show you some samples, but I had the extreme satisfaction of giving it to you rough last night when you were as drunk as a fiddler's poodle, and came into my room at the hotel, mistaking it for your own, and attempting to flog my room-mate, supposing him to be your wife. You will probably remember the noble spectacle you showed when your wife led you whining from the room. The affair would look first rate in print. Newspapers like just such ludicrous scenes, with all the names in. Farewell, old party. I trust you will not forget Tommy Bounce."

Leaving this in his letter box at the hotel office, the boys got their breakfast, paid their bill, and at ten o'clock took the cars for Cleveland.

As for poor old Tenpenny, the letter was the crowning thorn in his sorrow. The thought that the affair would get into the papers caused the sweat to ooze from every pore of his body.

He lost no time in going to the different newspaper offices and inquiring if any such report had been sent them, and paying roundly for its suppression should it come thereafter. In fact, he not only cursed his luck, but he registered a vow never to get drunk again, or bluff another drummer that might dawn upon him.

Tommy Bounce left Buffalo in the best of spirits, feeling that he had done a very nice business there, and got even with everybody who had given him any trouble; and so, when they were once more on the rail, his heart bounded with joy.

They had ridden for an hour or so, when a clerical-looking man took a seat just ahead of them, and began reading a paper.

They paid no particular attention to this, although Tommy noticed that the man was not reading half so much as he was noting the passengers. Finally he put up his paper and turned to them.

"Young gentlemen, I have a new Chinese game here. Perhaps you would like to see it."

"No, we don't understand Chinese," said Tommy, suspecting him in a moment.

"What is it like?" asked Dovey.

"Oh, it is one of the simplest things in the world. If you will allow me to turn my seat over so that I can sit facing you, I will explain it to you. It may help to kill a long ride." Saying which he turned the back of his seat and sat down.

"You see, I have lately returned from China, where I have



been a missionary for a number of years, and while there I picked up a great many ingenious games and puzzles. For instance, this one is performed with three playing cards. I happen to have them with me now, and knowing how fond young people are of novelties, I will proceed to show you how it works," said he, producing the cards.

Tommy had often read of "three-card monte men," and he instantly suspected that this was one of them, although he had such a pious, respectable air with him that it almost disarmed his suspicions.

"There, I place these cards on my knee, thus, and shift their positions in this way. Thus you see the cards—the Jack of Spades, the King of Hearts, and Ace of Diamonds. Now I will simply turn them over, face downward, change them back and forth in this simple manner, and you cannot tell which is which," said he.

"That is the Ace of Diamonds," said Dovey, pointing to one of the cards.

The man turned it up, and it was the Jack of Spades.

"You see how easy it is to be mistaken," said the clerical gentleman, smiling blandly. "There is the Ace of Diamonds," he added, turning it up.

Then he shuffled them again, and one after another attempted to pick out the ace, but missed every time. At last, while telling how he had fooled some gentlemen by this simple game, he carelessly took up the Ace and bent one corner of it, and then laid it down again.

This did not escape the keen eyes of Tommy, and he watched the cards as the man talked and slowly shuffled them, all the while evidently ignorant of the marked card.

"I'll bet I can pick out the ace," said Tommy.

"Oh, no, you cannot, my young friend," replied the man with a smile that was childlike and sweet.

"But I know I can—I'll bet I can."

"Well, my boy, if I were a betting man, I would willingly wager all I have against all you have that you cannot turn up the ace."

The cards had not been moved, and the one with the corner bent up slightly was still in sight, and Tommy thought it would be a good job to get him to bet, so after considerable talk he offered to bet ten dollars that he could turn it up.

"Well, if you will be rash, you must not blame me. But perhaps it will learn one or the other of us a good lesson," said the man, producing a ten dollar note, which Tommy at once proceeded to cover with another.

"Now, then, go ahead."

Tommy picked up the marked card, when, lo! it was the Jack of Spades.

"There, didn't I tell you," said the man, as he calmly pocketed the money. "Great game, my friend!"

"Yes, huge, if you only know how to play it," said Tommy, bitterly.

"Try it again."

"No, I've had enough now. I'll see you later, old man."

"All right. Good-by," said he, getting up and leisurely going into another car.

"Sold, packed and delivered," said Tommy.

"How was it, anyway?" asked Dovey.

"We shall find out before we get to Cleveland."

## CHAPTER X.

We parted with our friends, Tommy Bounce and George Dovey, soon after the train left Dunkirk on its way to Cleveland, their next stopping place, and Tommy's experience with the three-card monte man will also be remembered.

"There goes the three-card monte man!" cried Tommy, as the fellow left the car. "Look out for your money!"

"What is that you say, young man?" asked an old fellow on the other side of the aisle.

"Gamblers, thieves, swindlers!"

"Oh!" replied the old chap, again sitting down.

"What did he say?" asked an old lady of her husband.

"Said somethin' 'bout mortal men, an' lookin' out for yer money. I thought. Cars make such a noise I couldn't hear exactly, I s'pect."

"Marcy on me, Elam, you don't say so?" said the old lady, in evident alarm. "Hadn't I better put the wallet in my stocking?"

"Yes, I guess you'd better, Hannah," said he, drawing it from his pocket very cautiously.

"What's the trouble?" asked another couple a few seats away.

"Robbers. Monte men on board the train," was the reply, and in less than ten minutes the matter was being talked about by everybody in the car, and the women folks began to get panicky, of course."

When the conductor came into that car again he was grabbed by as many hands as could reach him as he walked along, and they each had something different to say to him, regarding

this dreadful robber, the three-card monte man, and demanding that he be put off the train.

The conductor asked Tommy about it, and learning the particulars, he took him with him to the next car for the purpose of pointing him out.

He had taken a seat near some other passengers, and was evidently preparing to open shop and begin business with them.

"You get off at the next station," said the conductor, tapping him on the shoulder.

The gambler looked up in surprise.

"Oh, I know you. Git at the next station."

"You bet," he replied.

"And if I ever catch you on my train again I will heave you off without stopping."

"All right," growled the fellow, pulling his hat down over his eyes and settling further into his seat.

"That is the little game you learned in China while you was missionary there, is it?" asked Tommy. "Better take it back there and practice it, I guess. Good-by, my Christian friend," and turning, he returned to his own car again, leaving the crestfallen gambler the target of everybody's eyes.

At Meadville the train stopped and the man with his "little Chinese game" was not slow in getting off, greatly to the relief of the timid men and women who regarded him but little short of a bloodthirsty highwayman.

The old chap who had first inquired of Tommy what the trouble was, now took a seat in front of them for the purpose of learning further particulars regarding the affair.

"Picked ye up for a flat, did he?"

"Yes, and played me for one," replied Tommy.

"Scoop yer much?"

"Oh, no. Only ten dollars. I don't mind the money, but I hate to be taken in by a chap who looks so much like a parson."

"Well, that's his lay."

"I know, and he got out on it, too."

"Conductor bounced him, hey?"

"Fired him out."

"Well, I s'pose it's all right. Everybody's got to have a livin' somehow. But I never let them play me. I know the racket just as well as they do."

"You understand the trick?" asked Dovey.

"Like a sermon."

"Wish I did."

"Simplest thing in the world, young feller."

"How simple?" asked Tommy.

"I'll show you," said the old fellow, taking a pack of cards from his pocket and selecting three of them from it.

Tommy and Dovey exchanged glances.

"There, you see, I place three cards here on my knee—the jack, ace, and queen. Now here they are, all in a row. The trick is in shuffling the cards in such a way as to deceive the eye. For instance, there is the jack. You see it. Well, I take and toss it around in this way; follow it sharply with your eyes. There; now can you find it?"

Tommy turned up one of the cards, but it was not the right one.

"Now try again, and I will work slower," said he; "now turn it up! That's it. See? It is all sleight of hand," he added, showing them how the cards were shuffled.

"But how about this marking business? Now I got stuck by seeing him bend up the corner of an ace and leave it so while he shuffled them."

"That's it. Most everybody bites at that dodge. But the fact is, they do not mark the particular card at all. Now see me do it. I take the jack, say, I show it to you, and while talking on some other subject I cautiously turn up the corner of the card, all the while knowing that you are watching me, although pretending that I do not."

Two or three passengers gathered around to see the thing explained.

"Now I lay it down again; shuffle them, and offer to bet that you cannot turn up the jack. You of course insist that you can."

"To be sure. Any fool could do that," said one of the spectators.

The old man glanced up at him with a sort of hungry look.

"My friend, I am not a gambler. I am merely showing these young men the tricks of three-card monte men, and it will mar our pleasure to have you put in your oar," said he, with slight reproof in his voice.

"Oh, I'm not putting in my oar. I was only saying that any tallow-headed idiot could turn up that jack after seeing you shuffle them."

"My dear sir, do you wish to learn ten dollars' worth of three-card monte?" said he at length.

"Yes, I do," replied the man sharply, at the same time going for his "pile."

"All right. You all bear witness that I am not playing the game. In fact, I don't understand it well enough to play it for money. I am simply telling these young gentlemen about



it so that they will not get taken in again. But just to teach this man a lesson, and at the same time to illustrate the thing all the better, I'll bet him ten dollars that he cannot turn up the jack."

"All right. Cover that," said the man, placing a ten dollar note in Tommy's hand.

"I cover, my friend."

"Good enough. Now I proceed to turn it, and at the same time to convince you that you are not half so smart as you think you are."

"All right. Proceed."

The man turned up the card that had one corner bent up, the one that they had all been looking at, but it was the ace and not the jack.

"Thunder and pitch!" exclaimed the man.

"Don't you see?"

"No, I'll be hanged if I do."

"All right. I'll give you another chance for your money. There's the twenty. Cover it, and I'll shuffle them again."

"No, thank you. You won the money fair, and I'm a fool, that's all. But you understand the game better than I thought you did."

"Oh, I know how it's done, of course," said the old chap carelessly. "Lost money enough learning, you may bet."

He pocketed the money and then continued:

"Now, when you thought I turned up the corner of the jack, it was the ace that I had picked up instead. It's all sleight of hand, my friends."

"Let me try it once, just for fun," said another of the spectators.

"Certainly. We are only doing it for fun, anyway," said he, again shuffling the cards.

The man picked out the right card the first time. Then he missed it once or twice. Finally the dealer carelessly turned up the ace while telling them some story about how he was taken in once on a Mississippi steamboat, and the passenger caught a glimpse of it, and instantly concluded that he would get that ten dollars that the old fellow had won so easily.

"I think I can turn the ace for sure this time, and I'll bet ten dollars that I can."

"Nonsense! People will think I am a three-card monte man."

"No they won't. It's all right," urged the man, who had made up his mind to gobble up that ten dollar bill.

"Well, I call upon these gentlemen to witness that I don't wish to bet. But just once I will bet you ten dollars," said that virtuous old man, producing his money.

The courteous passenger covered it, and then made haste to turn up the ace. But he didn't turn it after all. It proved to be the queen, and such a chop-fallen man you never saw. He looked for a moment in astonishment and then returned to his seat. He had got all he wanted.

Tommy and Dovey enjoyed a hearty laugh over the affair, and then the old fellow proceeded to explain further the tricks of the game. In reality, as they afterward learned, he was an old gambler, but taking a fancy to Tommy, he told him all about the game that is so enticing and deceptive. And he had made it pay tolerably well while giving his lessons.

They arrived at Cleveland in due time, and were driven to a hotel. In the evening they went out to see the sights and hear the sounds of this beautiful lake city.

Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the handsomest modern cities in the world, having a beautiful frontage on the lake, and being regularly laid out, well paved, lighted and cleaned. The inhabitants are very proud of it, as well they may be.

They visited several points of interest, and finally, as the night was beautiful, with moonlight and balmy air, they walked down to one of the wharves and gazed out upon the silvered beauty of that inland sea, Lake Erie.

There were a large number of people there, enjoying the cool air, and dozens of children and young folks playing around, as lively as bees and as blithe as fireflies.

Tommy and Dovey took a seat near the water, and listened to the many sounds which greeted their ears from every side. Near them a number of colored girls and boys were loud and wild in a frolic of some kind. But they paid no more attention to them than to others, and so conversed for some time, regarding the different parts of the country they had thus far visited.

While thus engaged a wild shriek rent the air, and brought them to their feet.

"Girl overboard!" shouted a dozen voices, and in an instant there was a wild, exciting cry, and a rush made for the edge of the wharf, from which the girl had fallen while running along the string piece.

Tommy was among the first, but there was no boat at hand, and no one seemed to stir toward rescuing the girl.

"Where did she go over?" he asked, of a lot of frightened children standing near.

"Just over there," said a dozen, pointing to the spot.

"Then she has gone down. Here, Dovey, hold my things,"

said Tommy, quickly taking off his coat, vest and hat, and handing them to his companion.

"Careful, Tommy," said Dovey.

But before he could reply he leaped into the dark water and disappeared from sight, while people were rushing wildly to the spot, and calling in various directions for some one to come to the rescue with a boat.

Tommy found the girl struggling a few feet below the surface, and seizing her around the waist, he brought her up quickly to the top.

A wild cheer greeted him, and in a few minutes a boat was rowed to the spot from a steamer laying near at hand.

In ten minutes from the time he threw off his clothes and leaped overboard he stood dripping on the wharf, and the half-drowned girl was handed over to her mother, who had been summoned to the spot by the outcries.

"Wish I had a wringing machine," said Tommy, as Dovey approached him.

"Do you wish to ring the belle you just rescued?" asked Dovey, laughing, and the crowd laughed, too, as they gathered around to compliment our hero on his exploit.

"There is no need of wringing a joke so dry as that is, Dovey. But I feel as though I would like to be put through a squeezing machine."

"Well, if the authorities are going to allow children to fool around here in this careless way, I think it would be a good idea to set up a laundry in this vicinity."

"That's so. But come on; let us get back to the hotel."

Dovey assisted him on with his clothes, and away they started together.

As they passed up into the street with a crowd behind and around them, a reporter of the "Leader" approached and inquired what the excitement was about.

He was not long in finding out the main facts of the case, and lost no time in reaching the side of Tommy as he was walking along.

"Good evening, gentlemen, I have just learned the particulars of your brave rescue of a young lady, and being a reporter for the 'Leader,' I would like to be favored with your name and address," said he.

Tommy hesitated at first. It was an entirely new business to him, and he hardly knew what to say, but at length he handed him a card and walked along.

The reporter glanced at it, but still kept walking along after him.

"Thomas Bounce," he read, "and you are——"

"One of the Boys of New York," said Dovey.

"Ah, very good," said the reporter.

"Three cheers for 'The Boys' of New York!'" said one of the crowd, and those three cheers were given with a right good Western will.

But this ovation was becoming distasteful to Tommy, and he began to think the reporter was a trifle too fresh, so he stopped a moment and looked around.

"A little of that goes a great ways," said he.

"Yes, especially when you have a great ways to go to get away from it," said Dovey.

"Let us get into this carriage and ride to the hotel, and thus escape the crowd."

"All right."

In two minutes the carriage drove up to the curbstone, and the two young men got into it, but the crowd passed around and sent up another hearty cheer as they drove away.

"Such is greatness," said Dovey.

"Such is wetness, by gracious. I guess it isn't customary to rescue drowning people here. they make such an ado over it."

"Well, perhaps they are accustomed to doing the business themselves, and are surprised that an outsider should interfere."

"That may be, but they didn't appear to be in much hurry about rescuing this one."

"Maybe they wanted to see if she would get mad and come out herself; and perhaps she was so homely that they didn't care about saving her. By the way, Tommy, what sort of a looking heroine was this, to the little drama in which you took the leading part?"

"I'll be wrung and hanged if I know. I never looked at her," replied Tommy.

"I heard them call her Julia."

"Well, that's a sweet name, and there ought to be a pretty face go with it. Goodness knows she was heavy enough to be the belle of the city."

"But of course you never tolled her so."

"Of course not; she had lost her tongue, and nobody threw me a rope," replied Tommy laughing.

"Well, you showed good metal, anyhow."

"But don't keep ringing it in my ears. Ah! here we are at the hotel."

In a few moments they were in their chamber, and Tommy at once proceeded to change his wet for dry clothing.



They talked and laughed over the affair for some time, and finally went to sleep, thinking what a queer introduction they had received to Lake Erie and her daughter, Cleveland.

The next morning they were up bright and early, and went with the crowd into the hotel dining room, for both were possessed of appetites that would strike terror to a boarding house landlady.

Everybody appeared to be busy with the morning's paper, and all interested in some item of local news. Then first one and then another would comment upon it, and our friends soon became convinced that it was all about that rescue of Tommy's the night before.

Then the guests and boarders suddenly discovered that the hero of the romance was at the table with them, and then they called each other's attention to the fact, and poor Tommy was almost stared out of countenance.

They cut their breakfast short and got out of the room as soon as possible (for being modest as well as brave, they could not bear to see themselves made lions of for doing such a simple duty as rescuing a drowning person when it was in their power to do so).

The clerk of the hotel met them as they came from the dining room.

"Well, Mr. Bounce, you had a little swim last evening," said he.

"Yes; I saw no conveniences for bathing here, and so went down to the river."

"Hee! hee! Very good; very good, indeed. But have you seen this morning's 'Leader'?"

"No; what about it?"

"Read that," said the clerk, handing him a paper. Dovey took the paper, and read as follows:

#### "A YOUNG HERO.

##### "ONE OF THE BOYS OF NEW YORK.

"Last evening about nine o'clock some young misses were at play upon the open wharf at the foot of Lake street, and during their romps one of them, Miss Julia Desmond, a lovely girl about fifteen years of age, lost her balance and fell overboard into the dark waters of the lake. In an instant all was excitement and confusion. The girl had sunk out of sight, and no one sprang to her rescue. There was no boat moored near the spot, and the poor girl would have sunk forever from sight had not a young man, Thomas Bounce, a New York boy, thrown aside his coat and plunged into the water after her.

"A moment of the most intense excitement and anxiety followed, and those who crowded to the string-piece held their breath in suspense as the dread thoughts crept upon them that both were lost. But the brave youth succeeded in securing her and holding her above the water until they were both taken into a boat that came tardily to the spot, and once more placed on dry land.

"Of course the frantic mother was too much excited and overjoyed to return the thanks she must have felt to the youthful hero who had rescued her darling child at the peril of his own life. But the crowd took up the praise of the noble act, and followed him back to the Erie House, where he is stopping, with cheer upon cheer for his generous conduct."

"How's that?" asked the clerk.

"A big pile of words," said Tommy, evidently disgusted.

"But it is true, is it not?"

"Well, yes, the main facts are true. I guess, but what's the use of making such a fuss about a trifling thing like that?"

"Ah, my boy, you are too modest. Come and have a bottle of wine with me; some of the finest you ever tasted."

Tommy was on the point of refusing, but seeing quite a crowd of people coming out of the dining room and staring at him, he concluded to go almost anywhere for the sake of getting out of sight; so he followed the clerk to one of the parlors, mentally resolving that he would never save another person from drowning or hanging again so long as he lived.

Arriving in the parlor, the clerk took "great pleasure in introducing the hero of the hour" to about a dozen ladies and gentlemen who were there assembled.

Poor Tommy, he almost wished that he got drowned himself.

He was complimented and made much of for ten minutes or so, and then a servant brought a bottle of wine.

Then they drank to his very good health, and hoped he would tarry long among them.

"Not much, if I know myself," thought Tommy. That was too much honor for him.

While the toasting and greeting was at its height, the landlady came in, followed by an old negro wench and a colored girl about fifteen years of age.

"Mrs. Desmond is here, and wishes to thank Mr. Bounce in person for the saving of her daughter last night," said he.

"Yes, yes, here I is. Whar am dat chap as did it?" asked the old woman, bobbing her head around the company.

"This is the young man," said the clerk, pointing to Tommy, who stood confused and blushing by the table.

"Oh, honey, am dat you?" she cried, and opening her huge arms, she went for poor Tommy like an ostrich.

But Tommy came to his senses just enough to conclude that he didn't want any of that, so he dodged down under her arms and she caught up Dovey instead, without knowing it, and hugged him so that he saw stars.

"Hold on!" he yelled.

"Give it to him, aunty. He did it," said Tommy, laughing.

"Oh, honey, you is so good!" cried the thankful mother. "I could almos' eat yer up!"

"Please don't, it wasn't me," cried Dovey, striving to free himself from her embrace.

The company was laughing in the loudest manner, and Tommy kept out of sight.

"You saved my Jule, and she 'longs to yer."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Yer saved her life."

"No, I did not. It was——"

"Yes, he did," cried Tommy.

"Come here, Jule," said she, calling to her daughter, who had been standing near the door, looking bashfully into the room.

She ran to her mother's side. She was a full-blooded negro girl, and seemed quite as anxious to return her thanks as her mother was.

"Here he is, chile. Tank him some mo'."

The girl looked her thanks bashfully, but said nothing.

"She's done gone bashful; but she's a good girl. You saved her life, young man, and she's yours if yer claims her," said she, followed by a loud laugh.

"Confound you and your daughter. I never saved her, and I don't want her," growled Dovey.

"Yes, he does. He told me he was madly in love with her," said Tommy.

"Maybe he's bashful like. Young folks most always be. But we aren't stuck up, if we do 'long ter a good family, and de Cible Rights Bill 'low white men ter marry us."

"Will you go away, my good woman? I did not rescue your beautiful daughter. There stands the fellow who did it," he said, pointing to Tommy.

"Don't you believe it. He's too modest."

"Dat war de one," said the daughter, whispering to her mother.

"What am dat? Hab I made a mistake?" and she opened her arms once more to take in the savior of her child.

But Tommy still thought he didn't care for any of it, and while convulsed with laughter, as were the others, he dodged, just as she made a grab for him, and she caught the clerk of the hotel in her powerful embrace, and just as she did so Tommy tripped her up, and together they stumbled over the centre table, knocking it to the floor, and falling on top of the ruins.

"Cheese it!" said Dovey, starting for the door on a run.

"Good-by," said Tommy, following and waving back his hand, leaving the company in confusion, and the clerk and fat Mrs. Desmond struggling together on the floor, fighting for the mastery.

#### CHAPTER XI.

We left our friends, Tommy Bounce and George Dovey, just escaping the comical ovations that had been brought about by the old colored woman, Mrs. Desmond, in the honor of Tommy, who had saved her daughter from drowning the night before.

It was indeed a laughable affair; and it was fully five minutes before that unfortunate hotel clerk could free himself from her loving embrace, as they rolled over and over on the parlor floor, for she fully believed that she had made no mistake this time, and really had the savior of her child.

Tommy, it will be remembered, dodged the honor himself, and by a smart retreat set the old woman upon the clerk of the hotel, and then made matters worse by tripping her up just at the moment of the embrace.

The company by this time had begun to enjoy the fun of the affair, and they fairly yelled with delight as they saw the trick that Tommy played, and the poor clerk struggling to free himself.

Tommy could not resist the temptation to turn back and watch the contest, but the moment he saw him regain his feet, he started on a run for his room, and locked the door.

"Confound you, you old black fool!" shouted the clerk, trampling upon the broken glasses, and breaking away from her. "What in thunder do you mean, I'd like to know?"

"Wanted fo' ter thank ye fo' savin' my chile," said the woman.

"Confound you and your child! Get out of this house as quick as legs will carry you."

"Come, mammy," said her daughter.



"But don't wait fo' ter thank dis yer brave good man fo' savin' ob your life?" she asked, half mournfully, whereat the company roared with laughter.

"You're a fool!" shouted the clerk.

"Needn't be quite so mad 'bout it."

"Clear out, I tell you!"

"P'r'aps you is mad because it was not a white gal dat you saved," said she, bitterly, and again the company laughed loudly.

"I never had anything to do with your daughter."

"Shamed fo' ter own it now afo' dese yer ladies, I speck. But I'se much obliged ter yer all de same."

"Woman, will you go?"

"Corse I will. Come, Jule," said she, taking her daughter's hand.

"You made a mistake, mammy," said the girl with a bewildered look.

"Make 'stake? How dat?"

"Dat man amn't de one at all."

The old woman looked from one to the other of the company with a bewilderment that was absolutely comical, and the company laughed again.

"Wha' fo' I got fool so much? Whar am de right man?"

"He done gone, mammy."

"An' I didn't hug him after all?"

"You've done hugging enough here," said the landlord.

"Yes; get out!" added the clerk.

"Wal, if dat amn't a shame. But you tell dat man, whoever he am, dat I longs fo' ter take him in my thankful arms."

"Thankful thunder. I guess he was smart enough not to want any of your thankful hugging."

"Oh, yes; I speck he's one ob dem stuck-up chaps like you. I hear all ob dem New York boys am. But come, Jule, let us go," said she, leaving the room, greatly to the relief of the unhappy clerk.

But he did not hear the last of the lusty hugging match for many a day after, and even now, if you ask him about it, he will open a bottle of wine rather than stand the laugh.

As soon as the matter was settled Tommy took his hardware samples and started out to see if he could drum up a few orders, for the readers will remember that he was combining business with pleasure, and drumming for Uncle Ebenezer, the great hardware merchant of New York.

Dovey did not accompany him, but started out to see the city and become acquainted with the various points of interest.

But Tommy soon learnt that the hardware merchants of Cleveland had been fooled, and were quite as shy of drummers as they were in Buffalo. He visited two or three of them without being able to sell anything, and he began to think that he stood a poor chance for making either fame or money in the city.

At length he called upon one huge concern and sought an interview with one of the proprietors.

"Good day, sir. I represent the house of Ebenezer Bounce of New York, and I called to show you some specimens of—"

"Exactly! There is one specimen that I should like very much to see," said the merchant, looking coldly at him.

"Very well, sir. What may that be?" asked Tommy, all business and innocence.

"A specimen of your walking," replied he, with a contemptuous tone.

Tommy "dropped" to the joke right away.

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, I'm a good walker," he said, smiling blandly.

"I presume so."

"I will show you a specimen," he added, walking further back into the store.

Taking a seat in an arm chair, he drew forth a cigar and lit it calmly as though he had been in his own room, while the astonished merchant and his clerk looked as though overwhelmed at our hero's polished cheek.

"Well, that's cool," said the merchant.

"A chap must keep cool this weather, you know."

"Well, by thunder. I think if a person owned your cheek he wouldn't be obliged to buy ice. That is not the direction I wish you to walk in, sir."

"But I'm not to blame in that. You did not mention any particular direction in which you wished to see a specimen of my walking exhibited, and so I chose this one. I trust you are not offended."

"Great Moses!" exclaimed the exasperated man. "Offended? Oh, no, I am delighted."

"Thank you, sir."

"Young man, I believe in the eternal fitness of things, and I once in a while come across a person occupying positions in life for which nature evidently intended them. Nature undoubtedly cut you out and made you up for a drummer. I congratulate your employer."

"Thanks. But if you believe this, you should not blame me

for calling on you to drum, any more than you would a part-ridge for drumming."

"Well, I suppose I ought not to," replied the merchant, laughing.

"Good enough. Now I have samples of hardware which cannot be bought outside of my uncle's store, he being the manufacturer of them, and seeing that we understand each other, allow me to show them to you," said Tommy, opening his sample cases.

"Well, all right. Go ahead."

The upshot of it was that Tommy sold the man a thousand dollars' worth of goods, and they parted the best of friends, he even going so far as to apologize to him for his rudeness, and, of course, as Tommy had won the game, he could well afford to make friends with him.

Leaving Mr. Zip's store, he started back to another one where he had been rudely bluffed a short time before, bent on having a little fun and selling some goods, for he could never bear to give up anything he had once attempted.

Mr. Barty was a cross, crabbed old fellow, and when Tommy had called on him, he snubbed him badly, and almost drove him out of his store when he attempted to sell him a bill of goods.

When he saw him coming in again, the old man looked around for a whip, or something to go for him with.

"You back here again, you infernal, cheeky little cuss, you?"

"Yes, here I am again," replied Tommy, cheerfully.

"Git out! Go away from here!" whined the old curmudgeon.

"Oh, I haven't come to sell you any goods this time, but Mr. Zip asked me to call and tell you that he would sell you his whole stock of door trimmings ten per cent. less than you can buy them in New York."

"Bah! I don't believe it. What does he want to sell out at a sacrifice for?"

"Well, I have just sold him a large bill of our new styles, and improved qualities of goods, such as they are using in New York and Buffalo, and knowing that the old styles will not sell for cost now, he naturally wants to unload."

Old Barty rolled up his eyes and looked bothered.

"So he said to me," continued Tommy; "don't you go near old Barty, and I'll sell the old foggy all the old-fashioned stuff I've got on hand."

"Did he say that—did Tom Zip say that?" howled the old man, springing forward with clenched fist and blood in his eye.

Tommy bowed.

"The contemptible upstart! Why, I can buy and sell such fellows as he is."

"I dare say; but I guess he will beat you on buying and selling hardware," said Tommy quietly.

"The scoundrel! You had better look out for your pay, if he has bought much."

"Oh, he has given me New York references that I shall send on with his order, so I run no risk. But I only stopped to tell you what he said about his old-fashioned stock, that's all. Good-day."

"Hold on! Stop a moment!" cried the old man, following him toward the door.

"Can't do it, sir. Going out of town this evening, and so I must hurry up."

"But let me see your goods."

"Haven't time. But I'll be this way again in a year or two. Tra-la-la, pop," said he, going.

"Hold on! I want to buy."

"Go buy of Zip," said he, going from the store.

The old man called after him two or three times, but Tommy paid no attention to him, and he went back into the store to club himself for his bad luck.

"Now then, for Toledo," he said, after he had written to his uncle enclosing the order he had taken.

"Got enough of Cleveland?" said Dovey.

"Yes, enough for this time. I am anxious to get out West."

"Out West! Don't you call this out West?"

"Bless you, no. Go a thousand miles west of the Mississippi, and then you will hear them talk about 'out West.' Come, are you ready?"

"All ready."

"Then we will catch the five o'clock train. But let us go down first and pay our parting respects to the clerk."

"Certainly; he would feel bad if we didn't."

In a few moments they stood before the clerk's desk paying their hotel bill. But that much-hugged clerk was still in bad humor, and never a smile stole over his features as he took their money.

"Good-by, Mr. Clerk," said Tommy, as he took up his traveling-bag to go. "The next time you save a colored girl from drowning, don't give it away, or you may get another hugging"

"Oh, you go to thunder!" he growled.

"No, I'm going to Toledo."



"Well, I don't care where you go, for if it had not been for you I should not have got into that ridiculous scrape."

"Ridiculous! Why, my dear sir, there are some men in the world who would be delighted with such earnest demonstrations of gratitude."

"Bah!"

"Day-day; didn't break any of your ribs, I hope," said he, turning to the door.

"I'll break your head!"

"Oh, no, don't do that, for it might make it ache. But don't be so fresh next time in asking people to drink wine and be introduced as a hero. Bye-bye."

That clerk could have thrown his book at him, but Tommy was gone in a moment.

In fifteen minutes they were seated in a car of the Great Western express, bound still farther away from their friends in New York.

The car was about half-filled with passengers, and so our heroes selected one seat and turned another to face it, making a very comfortable arrangement for the ride.

But just before the train started an old man and his wife came bustling in, and nothing would do but they must sit on the same side of the car where Tommy and Dovey were, as they wished to see how somebody's crops looked a few miles out of the city, located on this side of the track.

Now the boys were all ready, with their backs toward the locomotive and their feet on the seat in front of them, and the old couple insisted on having one of the seats.

"Take this one, Dan'l," said she, "for I can't ride backwards; makes me throw up awful."

"Arn't one seat 'bout nuff for you, young chaps?" asked the old man, motioning their feet away.

The boys took them down reluctantly. They would have resisted the order had not the old chap looked as though it would be an easy matter for him to put one of them in each coat-pocket.

"Well, I suppose it's all right, if he don't have another of those fits," said Tommy, soberly.

"Hev a what?" asked the old hoosier, just as he was about to take a seat by his wife.

"A fit."

"What in thunder's he having fits about?"

"What is it, Dan'l?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"I am taking this young man to the lunatic asylum in Toledo, that's all," replied Tommy.

Dovey dropped to the racket and made up some horrible mugs.

"Great Jemima, Dan'l!"

"Oh, it may be all right; he is perfectly harmless if he is not molested, but he is apt to have insane fits when strangers are near."

"Oh, Dan'l, let's go," said his wife. "I do believe he's going to have another one. See how queer he looks."

Dovey was "mugging" it wonderfully.

"What's he do when he has 'em?" asked the old man, as though to show his wife that he was not afraid.

"Well, that depends how he is influenced. He choked a poor colored woman almost to death on the way to Cleveland."

"Oh, let's get away, Dan'l," moaned his wife.

"Oh, I guess he won't harm nuthin'," replied the man, looking curiously at Dovey, who was rolling his eyes about wildly.

"No, I guess we can manage him," said Tommy, reassuringly, at the same time pulling Dovey's hat down over his eyes and arranging him in other respects.

"Dan'l Humpsome, do you hear me?" said she, sharply. "I won't set here, an' you wouldn't ask me to if you didn't hope he'd kill me. Get out, I tell yer."

She rose in her might and gave him a push which sent him out into the aisle, where she followed without loss of time.

But there was no other double seat on that side of the car, and so they went into the next one to try their luck, leaving Tommy and Dovey alone in their glory again.

Such a laugh as they had was enough to make them both grow fat, and it was joined in by three or four others who had witnessed the artful dodge to get rid of the unwelcome intruders.

They settled back into their double seat and began to take in all that was visible in the setting sunlight without and within the car.

On they sped, mile after mile, on this beautiful Lake Shore road, chatting and laughing, happy in themselves and at peace with the world.

Finally, at one of the stations, a little old German got in. He had somehow managed to get left by the regular emigrant train, and through the exertions of the station agent he was taken on board this train and sent ahead to catch up with the one that had run away from him.

He was a fine sample of a German emigrant, with his long blue coat with big brass buttons, his quaint, wide-vizored cap and wooden shoes.

The moment he came in and began looking timidly around for a seat, our mischievous friends spotted him of course, as they did everything that held out the least promise for a bit of fun.

The seat opposite, on the other side of the aisle, was vacant, and after looking at it anxiously for a few moments, as though expecting it to invite him to sit on it, he cautiously let himself down.

"If he only understood English, we might have some fun with him," said Tommy.

"That's so. Too bad. But perhaps he does."

"I'll see," and turning to the emigrant, he said:

"Spraken dot Englisher?"

"Nine—only 'iddle," replied he, and then he began to tell of his mishap in German.

"Very interesting, indeed," said Dovey.

"Yes, it probably would be if we only knew what the deuce he is jabbering about. But I say, I wonder if he would understand this?" said he, taking a flask of brandy from his bag.

"Try him. It is a universal language I guess."

"We'll try it ourselves first."

"But you forget," said Dovey.

"What?"

"That we only carry this flask for medicinal purposes."

"Yes, I remember. Let me see," said he, reflecting. "Ah! I knew there was something the matter with me."

"What is it?"

"I have got a cinder in my eye," said he, helping himself to some of the medicine.

The Dutchman was eyeing him sharply.

"So you are making eye-water of it, are you?"

"Well, it's all in my eye anyway. I say, my friend," he added, handing it toward the emigrant, "try some."

"Dry some! Got for tam, yaw," said he, reaching for the flask.

"All right. Wet your whistle."

He waited for no further invitation; but when he handed that liquor-holder back to its owner it was very much lighter than it was before, and he smacked his lips approvingly.

"Dot vas goot."

"I should say so. I say, Dovey, what a big whistle he must have."

"By jingoes, you ought to have a big one."

"Why so?"

"Because you will have to 'whistle' for your brandy, sure."

"That's so; but I guess we can get fun enough out of him to make it even."

While conversing thus, the emigrant took out his long-stemmed German pipe and filled it with tobacco. The brandy had taken away his timidity, and the interest which Tommy and Dovey took in him made him feel quite at home.

"Smokem?" he asked, pointing to his pipe.

"Oh, yes," said Tommy.

"Goot!" he exclaimed, as he went down into his deep pocket in search of a match.

The boys nudged each other and waited to see what would follow.

Without much delay he lighted his pipe and settled back into the luxurious seat with a grunt of satisfaction, and began to puff away like a young locomotive, while Tommy and his companion looked as honest as owls.

Presently the smoke began to range through the car, and one after another were set to coughing or sneezing. There were three or four ladies in the seats, and they made a great time and asked where the conductor was.

"Put out that pipe!" yelled the men.

"Put out the smoke!" said another.

"Stop the train!"

"Fire him out!"

"Whew!"

"Dry up!"

And a dozen other calls were made by the outraged passengers.

But that contented Dutchman understood not, cared not. He was happy, and nothing short of a collision or a jump of the train down an embankment would have roused him.

At length one of the outraged passengers went through the car and found the conductor, who hurried to the smoke-house. Grabbing him by the shoulder, he gave him a terrific shake.

"Here! What the dickens are you doing?"

"Smokem," replied the emigrant, calmly.

"Well, you just get out of here."

"Nix!"

"No," and then, addressing him in German, he told him that he was doing decidedly wrong.

The emigrant, without suspecting that a trick had been played upon him, told the conductor how he had asked Tommy if he could smoke, and he had told him he could.

The conductor turned to Tommy.

"Did you tell this man he could smoke here?"



"Did I? Well, he asked me if he could smoke here, and I told him yes, for all I cared. It was none of my business, and I am not running the train," he replied, as honest as a hen.

"Oh, that was it, eh? You are a nice young man!"

"Who is the conductor of this train—you or I?"

"I am."

"That's so. How should I know the rules? How was I to know that he wouldn't get mad and put a head on me if I said no? Oh, no, old man. I pay a strict attention to business, and if a man asks me if he may smoke, I shall tell him to smoke or not, just as he has a mind to," said he, settling back comfortably in his seat.

The conductor conversed a moment with the German, and he put away his pipe reluctantly. With a look that was calculated to be reproving, the conductor turned and left the car.

It was now dark, and the Dutchman soon forgot himself and lay fast asleep back in his seat, with his mouth wide open and lost to everything. And this was the case with all the other passengers, Tommy and Dovey excepted.

When the coast was all clear and the loud snore of the emigrant could be heard above the noise of the train, Tommy set about playing a trick on him.

He had in his bag a bunch of strong tape, and taking this he fastened a fish-hook to one end of it securely. The hook he attached to the Dutchman's cap, and then cut off about four feet of the tape.

Then he tied another end around his arm, and by standing upon the arm of a seat he fastened the other end to the bell-cord. The car was but dimly lighted and the tape could scarcely be seen.

When all was in readiness he tied the other end of the string that was attached to his cap to the arm of a seat across the aisle, doing the whole without disturbing the sleeper or attracting the attention of any other occupant of the car.

In about fifteen minutes a brakeman started to go through the car, and, running against the string, pulled the Dutchman's hat off with a jerk that almost took scalp and all, and of course roused him in an instant.

"Got in himmel!" he yelled, as he made a dive down the aisle after the brakeman to recover his hat, and in his excitement pulling the bell-cord with the string that was attached to his arm, but afterwards breaking it, and all the while without knowing what had happened.

Of course the signal was given, and the train began to slacken speed, while the emigrant was abusing the brakeman for knocking off his hat, and creating a great excitement among the suddenly awakened passengers.

"I never touched your hat," persisted the brakeman, and when the Dutchman shook his fist in his face, and jabbered his indignation, he turned and kicked the cap away up the aisle, breaking it from the fish-hook of course, and leaving nothing to turn suspicion on Tommy.

In an instant that mad Dutchman went for that mad brakeman, and just as they clinched the train came to a standstill, and the conductor rushed in to learn what the trouble was, and just in time to get between the two fighters, the passengers being all on their feet.

Finally everything was arranged and the train started, although it would be impossible to this day to make him believe that the brakeman did not knock his hat off on purpose to create a row.

About ten o'clock, nothing further having happened, our friends arrived at Toledo and left the train. A coachman bargained to take them to a hotel, but before he had gone a dozen rods the tire of one of his wheels came off, and he was obliged to stop and wait for another coachman to take the job off his hands.

"Tire come off, eh?" asked Dovey. "Well, your old boat looks as though it should have been retired long ago."

The driver grinned at the joke feebly.

"Nonsense," said Tommy, pointing to the broken wheel, "this wheel is waiting for the other three!"

"How so?" asked the driver.

"Because the other three are tired, and this one is not," he said.

"Well spoken," groaned the driver, with another grin.

But another carriage soon came up, and they were driven to their destination, tired, hungry, and glad to go to bed.

## CHAPTER XII.

We left Tommy Bounce and his friend Dovey at Toledo, Ohio. It is a bright, smart, handsome place, and hundreds of the readers of "Snaps" are proud to call it their home.

But they did not meet with any very comical adventures in Toledo, and Tommy paid strict attention to business, selling

several bills of goods and forwarding the orders to his uncle in New York.

From Toledo they went to Chicago, the great wideawake, red-hot, go-ahead, git-up-and-git city of the Northwest.

"The place we have heard so much about, all hail!" said Dovey, as they stepped from the cars.

"What's all hell?" asked a hackman, who was standing near.

"The place where hackmen go on their last trip," replied Dovey.

"Young men, I strongly suspect that you are not ministers."

"Well, will you take us to the Tremont House any cheaper on account of your suspicion?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly; right this way. Nice carriage and careful driver," replied the man, briskly.

"Oh, never mind about recommending the driver, for if the carriage is nice he will be sure to drive both slow and careful."

In a few moments they were housed in a comfortable room at the hotel, and their trunks were soon brought up by the Irish porter; for they had made up their minds to stay in Chicago quite a while, and become thoroughly acquainted with the elephant there.

"What do you drink, porter?" asked Dovey, as the stout fellow put down the trunk.

"No, sur, I do bee's drinkin' a sup o' whisky now an' agin, when some gintleman offers it to me," replied the porter, who misunderstood the question.

Both Tommy and Dovey laughed heartily over the "Irish bull," while the man stood respectfully by, expecting a fee for his work instead of the joke he had unwillingly perpetrated.

"Then you cannot drink—porter?"

"Not very well, sur. Sure, it's only fit for Englishmen ter drink."

"Oh, very well, so long as you do not drink, porter, we will not offer you a neat drop of Irish whisky," said Tommy.

"Sure, sur, I think ye mistook me."

"Well, how is a person to understand a person anyway when he first says he does, and then that he does not drink?"

"I guess he has been drinking already."

"Divil a sup, sur, these three days."

"Well, here's a quarter for you. Go and start a hotel with it," said Tommy, handing it to him and turning away carelessly.

The son of Erin looked first at the quarter and then at the honest giver.

"Start a hotel," he muttered. "How wud I start a hotel wid a quarter of a dollar, sur?" he finally asked, with half a grin.

"Why, that is the easiest thing in the world to do."

Paddy scratched his head, for the boys looked so honest and earnest that he scarcely suspected a joke.

"Faith, I'd loike to know how to, an' I wud."

"Give me ten cents and I will tell you how to start a hotel as large as the Palmer House with a quarter," said Tommy.

"Sure, sur, you must be foolin'."

"No, sir, I never fool. What! the son of a deacon fool? No, no."

"Sure, I axes yer pardon. But I'll give ye tin cints if ye'll be afther telling me how I can start a hotel wid a quarther."

"All right. Dive for your soap."

"Which?" asked the puzzled porter.

"Develop your pile."

"My what?"

"Dust your wallet."

"Begorra, young man, but ye have the best of me now. Sure, I don't do ony dustin'. The chamber-girl does that."

"No, no! Put up your money."

"Och! Bad luck ter me thick head! I didn't understand ye, sur."

"It was all Greek to him, and yet it is a wonder that he didn't understand it," said Dovey.

"Here is yer tin cints, sur. Now, be afther tellin' me how ter start a hotel wid a quarther."

"But you mustn't give it away."

"Bad manners ter me, der yer think I'm such a soft-headed fool as ter be givin' away a hotel?"

"No, no; I don't mean that. You mustn't tell how it is done."

"Och! sure, I'll never say a word."

"Will you swear to us that you will never sell or give away the secret?"

"Faith, I do, thin."

"That you will never speak of it to any man, woman or child?"

"I swear it!" said he, solemnly.

"Well, then, this is how you can start a hotel with a quarter. Buy a quarter's worth of powder, and make a bonfire of it in the cellar of a hotel, and if it doesn't 'start' it, I will give you my head."

The porter's mouth opened; his eyes stuck out like hard-boiled eggs, and he seemed to be utterly dumfounded as he stood gazing at the boys.

"Try it, if you don't believe it," said Dovey.



"Well, by me sowl! I think ye're right, young man—I think ye are right. Sure, I'm a bigger goose than the darndest jack-ass in Chicago not to see the point of that joke."

"But you won't give it away?"

"Ho! ho! ho! Give it away! Well, upon my sowl, I'll go out and hire a policeman for to club this thick head of mine fur bein' so soft. Walla! walla! only to think! Begorra, I'll play that joke on somebody else, so I will," said he, turning to the door.

"Well, here is your ten cents. Go and get a drink with it before you try."

"Sure, I will. Faith, ye are a pair of sly boots I'm afther suspectin'."

"Oh, no. Sly boots do not fit us at all."

The porter went away laughing, while the two boys proceeded to wash and dress, and to get ready to see the city.

Going directly for his drink, the porter then turned his attention to two or three of his fellows, determined to play the joke on them.

"Sure, lads, I've found out how ter build a hotel wid a quarther," said he.

"A quarther of what—a million?" asked one of them.

"No, faith—a quarther of a dollar."

"Go way wid ye! Sure, ye've had a sup an' ye talks loike a crazy man."

"A hotel for a quarther!" exclaimed another.

"A little one for a cunt, I guess."

"No, begorra, but a hotel the loikes o' the Palmer House."

"Och! sure, it must have been quare liquor ye jist had."

"Divil a bit of it. Faith, I'll lay ye a dollar I'll show ye how it can be done."

"Be jabbers, I'll take a dollars worth of nonsense out o' ye, Pat Rooney," said his companion, producing a dollar. "There's yer money, now be afther puttin' up or shuttin' up."

"Be jabbers, I'll put up," replied Pat, seeing a chance to make a dollar and have a joke at the same time, as he thought.

"Now, then, go on an' tell us how ye can build a hotel for a quarther."

"All right. This is how it is. Ye buy a pound of powder and build a fire of it in the cellar of a hotel. See?"

A shout of derision was his only answer.

"Don't ye see the joke?" he cried.

"Are ye a durn fool, Pat? How wud the buildin' of a fire of powder build a hotel?"

"Indade, it wud blow it ter the devil," said another.

Paddy was scratching his head and trying to see where he had made a mistake.

"The money is mine," said his opponent, placing it in his pocket.

Pat offered no resistance or remonstrance, for he was trying to trace out that joke that Tommy had played on him, but he had got it so badly mixed up that he could make neither head or tail of it, and the laugh which his fellows gave him only confused him the more.

"Begorra, but there is a joke about it, somehow," he muttered.

"Faith, I think there is, an' that ye have the full benefit of it yerself."

"Bad luck ter me! I'll go for a policeman now anyway," he muttered, "for if iver there was a darn fool that needed clubbin' it's me," and he walked away amid a shout of laughter.

That joke came to him about a month after that, but he never could peddle it successfully.

After Tommy and Dovey were about ready to go out, Tommy rang the bell, and when one of the hall-boys came, he handed him a note and told him to give it to the barkeeper.

The barkeeper was completely puzzled, and read the note over two or three times.

It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Coming here from Toledo on the train, we have voluntarily partaken of an overdose of the residue of the locomotive, and other infinitesimal upheavings, and the parched condition of our throats indicates the absence of some liquid mollifier. We trust you will proceed without loss of time to concoct for us a lotion composed of one part water, one part ice, three parts being the best distillation from Indian maize. Let there be in it a bitter ingredient, known as Angastore, some saccharine matter, and the rind of some tropical fruit. Make in two doses for room No. —."

"What in thunder does this mean, boy?"

"I don't know; I brought it from their room."

"Are they sick?"

"I didn't see anybody sick."

"Well, they must be. Here, take this over to the drug store, and see if they can make it out."

The boy did as directed, and one of the clerks puzzled his brains over it for some time and gave it up in disgust.

"Take it back to the room and ask them what they want,"

said the barkeeper, after the boy had returned with the document.

"The barkeeper told me to ask you what it is you want."

"A couple of nice whisky cocktails," said Tommy. "Ask him if he cannot read."

The boy returned with the message.

"What! Does that mean whisky cocktails?" he yelled. "Great snakes! What kind o' chaps are they?"

"Young fellows."

"Foreigners?"

"No, I guess not."

"Great spoons!" he muttered, as he proceeded to fill the order. "Well, if that don't beat all the calls I ever had I'll chaw sugar. I'll just have that document framed and hung up here, see? I don't. Don't get such high-toned orders every day. Here, take them up there with my compliments, and tell them that whenever they come my way I'll open a bottle on the strength of this."

The boy started away to do as he had been told, and the barkeeper fell to reading the order over again. He showed it to everybody that came in, and raised much curiosity to see the author of it.

After a while Tommy and Dovey started out to get their first sight at the Chicago elephant, and they were not long in finding that he was an animal of very large dimensions, possessing a very frisky trunk.

Coming out upon Milwaukee avenue, they concluded to take a street-car and ride awhile; but in order to see all the sights they both stood upon the platform.

This furnished a very enjoyable ride, and they took it all in, as may well be believed.

But standing on the platform with them was a Dutchman who seemed determined to make himself disagreeable. He would crowd them first to one side and then the other, and appeared anxious to bully them in every way.

They paid no attention to him, knowing that he was a bad one; but Tommy made up his mind to get even with him somehow.

He wore a long old country coat, but the waist was very short, and the two tails were parted clear up to it. His vest was red, and in all other respects, even to the wooden shoes, he was a regular old Dutchman in his make-up.

Tommy was seated next to him on the rail, and Dovey was standing up with his back to the car.

"Yaw! you dinks yourself mightdy sdhward, dond id, mid your store clods on so fine!" he sneered.

"If you vas my poy, I schusd smack you und make you vork," he continued.

"No you wouldn't," Dovey replied at length.

"What vor I would nod?"

"Because I should blow your bloody old roof off first!"

"Oh! ho! py Cot! und you carry a bop already, ah?"

"Shut up!" said the conductor, who had noticed the man's disposition to pick a row.

"Vhat vor I shud ub?" he growled.

"I'll let you know what for, if you don't shut that bloody old snag-box of yours."

Seeing that he was liable to get where it was somewhat warm, he proceeded to dry up and take it out in looking ugly.

While this was going on, Tommy had taken one of the Dutchman's long coat-tails and wound it around the rail near to which he sat, after which he stood up and managed to get around on the other side, so that in case he was discovered he could get out of the way.

They rode along a few blocks further, when the disagreeable fellow suddenly saw that he had gone by his street and started to jump off.

He reached the ground, but that long coat-tail was wound around too securely to let go very easily, and so, before he knew what had happened to him, he was thrown to the ground and dragged bumpety-bump upon the paving stones.

"Wha! wha! wha!" he yelled, lustily. "Stob de gar! Stob id! Oh! oh! ula!"

But no one appeared to be in any hurry to liberate him, and pretty soon in his struggles he ripped that long coat clear up the back. In fact, he was completely skinned of one half of his coat and most thoroughly bruised, banded and covered with mud besides.

Such a mad Dutchman was never seen in Chicago before. He swore in fractured German and jawed in broken English. He actually tried to pull up a paving stone to throw at the receding car.

His cap was in one place; half of his coat hanging to one half of his body, and the other half hanging to the hand rail of the car, and picking himself up, he started toward where his hat lay.

Then he happened to think of his coat, and he turned and ran after the car, shouting: "Bolice!" and waving his arms for the car to stop. Such a comical sight was never seen.

At length the conductor unhitched the half of the coat and



allowed it to fall to the ground, and as they rode away they saw a crowd gathering around the shouting Dutchman, curious to learn what it meant to see a man with half a coat on.

"I wonder if that won't knock some decency into him?" said the conductor.

"No. You'd have to drag him by the heels and let his head bump on the pavement for a mile or two in order to do that," said Dovey.

"Well, I'll bet he'll behave better, if he does not look so well as he did before. But I guess he'll take care of his coat-tails next time," said Tommy.

The boys got off a few blocks further on, and concluded they would walk a while.

"Twig the old coon ahead of us," said Dovey, pointing to an old darkey with a bucket of whitewash balanced on the end of a long brush handle.

"Yes. Wait a moment," said Tommy, going up to him. "I beg pardon, sir; be good enough to tell me what town this is."

He touched the old fellow on the arm, and that made him turn suddenly around, swinging his bucket of whitewash up against a foppish-looking chap and spilling it all over him. This accident of course knocked the question right out of the whitewasher's head, and in his confusion he scattered the whitening all around.

"Hello! you confounded old blacking-bottle, what are you doing?" yelled the fop.

"Wha—wha—who dar?" said he, in his bewilderment.

"Who—thunder? See here, you awkward old dromedary, you have ruined my clothes," said the indignant chap, trying to shake the lime from his person.

"Who dar—who done gone speakin' ter me 'bout dis yer town?" he asked, looking around at the crowd that had assembled, and into which Tommy and his chum had vanished.

"You old fool, you must pay for this!"

"Boss, I don't know nuffin' 'bout it."

"The blazes you don't! You swung your cussed old bucket around and spilled the contents all over me, and yet you have the cheek to tell me that you know nothing about it."

"Fo' de lord, boss, it were all an accident."

"Ax—devil!"

"No, boss, fo' I was walkin' 'long heah a lookin' fo' wok', an' somebody comed 'long side ob me an' ax me somefin' 'bout what de name of dis yer town am."

"Ah! too thin, old man," said several.

"He's got the jim-jams," said another.

"Goshermighty! wha' make me hab jim-jams, not habin' any dinner terday?" said the old artist, turning savagely upon the chap. "Hain't drunk a glass ob nuffin' nigh on ter ten yea'. Go way wid you foolin' wid 'spectable old men."

"But this won't pay for my clothes," whined the discomfited dandy.

"Pull down your vest!" shouted a boy.

"Wipe your chin!" yelled another, and the laugh was fairly turned from the old darkey to the young fop.

"Get the old man to finish his job," said Tommy.

"Yes, let him spread the whitewash all over nicely, and then the accident will not show," said a bystander, whereat there was a loud laugh and cries of "good."

In spite of being so white, things were looking rather blue for the youth, and so he thought it the best thing he could do to make himself scarce in that locality.

Of course, when the trouble was all over with, a policeman put in an appearance, and in a loud tone demanded to know the reason for the crowd.

"Been a murder," said one.

"Blood all over the sidewalk," said another, and the officer looked around to find it.

"Man stole a coat from this old darkey," suggested Tommy.

"Who—where is he?" demanded the officer.

"There he goes just around the corner. See!"

The officer started on a run after the retreating chap with the whitewash on his clothes, and grabbing him by the collar of his coat, snaked him roughly back to where he had met his mishap.

"Come along; I know you," said he.

"Know thunder! What are you doing?" demanded the victim.

"You have stolen a coat from this man," said he, pointing to the negro.

"I should think so. Look at me."

"Oh, I know you! What kind of a coat did he steal from you, old man?"

"Who dar—wha?" said the old man, all unable to understand the matter.

"A coat of whitewash!" said Tommy, using his ventriloquial powers, and throwing his voice in another direction.

A wild shout went up, mingled with shouts of "Sold! Sold!" and instantly understanding that such was the case, the officer let go of his prisoner and made a dive for the crowd with his club, hitting right and left.

"Clear out, you vagabonds!" he shouted.

"Button up your ulster!"

"Pull down your vest!" and other cries of derision greeted him from the fleeing boys.

Seeing no other chance to get even, he turned and hit a dog that happened to be standing near, and it ran howling under the legs of a mule, and the hind legs of that long-eared animal began to fly around in lively style.

The result was that that brave officer got kicked into the middle of the street, and was taken back to the station house on a shutter.

The old darkey, still bewildered over the chain of events, turned and began walking on in the direction he was in when Tommy first spoke to him.

Our friends followed.

"Did you get paid for that job of whitewashing, uncle?" asked Tommy as he overtook him.

"Loramighty, boss, did you go fo' to see dat?"

"Oh, yes, I saw it all. Nice job."

"Dat war too bad, boss; only wish I had de money. I'd pay him fo' dem close, shuah."

"It wasn't your fault entirely. He had a right to look out for himself."

"Dat am so, boss. But, chile, I's an ole man; kinder hobblin' 'long todes de graveyard. an' shan't do much mo' whitewashin' in dis yere vale ob tears; but, honey, I'd jest gib fourteen million ob dollars if I could jes see dat chap dat axed me what town dis yer war."

"What had that to do with it?"

"Wal, now, honey, don't yer done see dat it kinder scarred me like, an' I turn 'roun too quick, an' whack dat yer feller alongside de head wid dat yer whitewarsh. I'se an ole man, chile, but I think I can get away wid dat chap, same's a gobbler go fo' a grasshopper."

"Not the slightest doubt of it, uncle. Well, here is a dollar towards making you hunk," said Tommy, handing it to him.

He concluded that the fur he had enjoyed was worth that much at least.

"Lor' bress yer, honey, I nebber 'spected that from a stranger."

"Oh, well, that's all right. Where do you live?"

"Down heah by de water."

"Tell me, for I may have a job for you to do before long," said Tommy, taking out a card and pencil.

The address was given, and they parted company with the old man who had furnished them so much fun.

Well, they had got as far as Chicago on their travels, and here they determined to stop and spend a considerable time in the metropolis of the Northwest.

"When do we begin business?" asked Dovey one day.

"When we get through having fun," replied Tommy. "You cannot expect one of the Boys of New York to settle down to business when there is any fun to be had, can you?"

"Well, I don't know," said Dovey, with a smile, "but I am thinking that if one particular New York boy with whom I am acquainted waits until there is no more fun to be got out of life before he gets to work, there will be none done."

"Meaning me, I suppose?" returned Tommy, with another smile.

"Yes. When there is no more fun to be had out of this life there will either be no more snaps to work or you will be playing on a golden harp and singing choruses with the angels—that is, if you ever get in such company."

"Perhaps you think I will be shoveling coal and playing roots on the little devils?"

"Well, if the predictions of some of your numerous victims are verified, that's just what you will be doing."

"How about you?" and Tommy laughed.

"Oh, well, as long as you keep up with the band-wagon, I'm bound to go along. I'm just as much in it as you are, my boy."

"Well, then, if I have good company I don't much mind where I go," laughed Tommy.

"But we must get to work soon, old fellow."

"All right; we'll have a little more fun and then we'll settle down to business in earnest."

"And have fun on the side," put in Dovey, who knew that Tommy could no more refrain from having his joke now and then than he could help eating his three square meals a day.

However, Tommy getting down to work is another matter, and must receive more serious attention than I can give it at present, and so, having seen our New York boy making a blunder at business, we will leave him now, and in another number take up the further adventures of our jolly young friend, Tommy Bounce.

THE END.

Read the next number (17), which contains "YOUNG BOUNCE IN BUSINESS; OR, GETTING TO WORK FOR FAIR," by Peter Pad.





Ben Bright.

Dorothy Dare.

Tom True.

## A WEEKLY STORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOYS AND A GIRL.

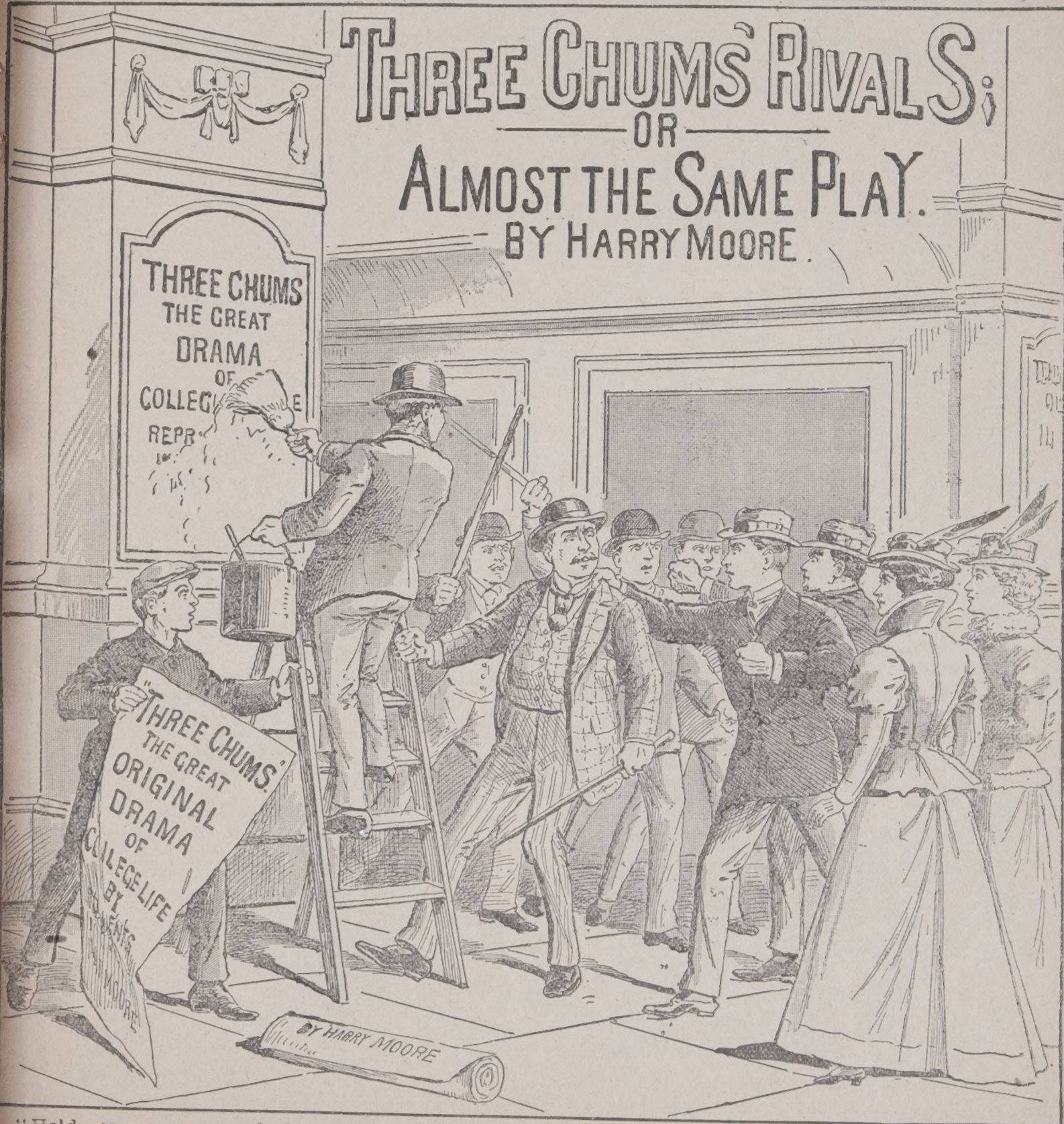
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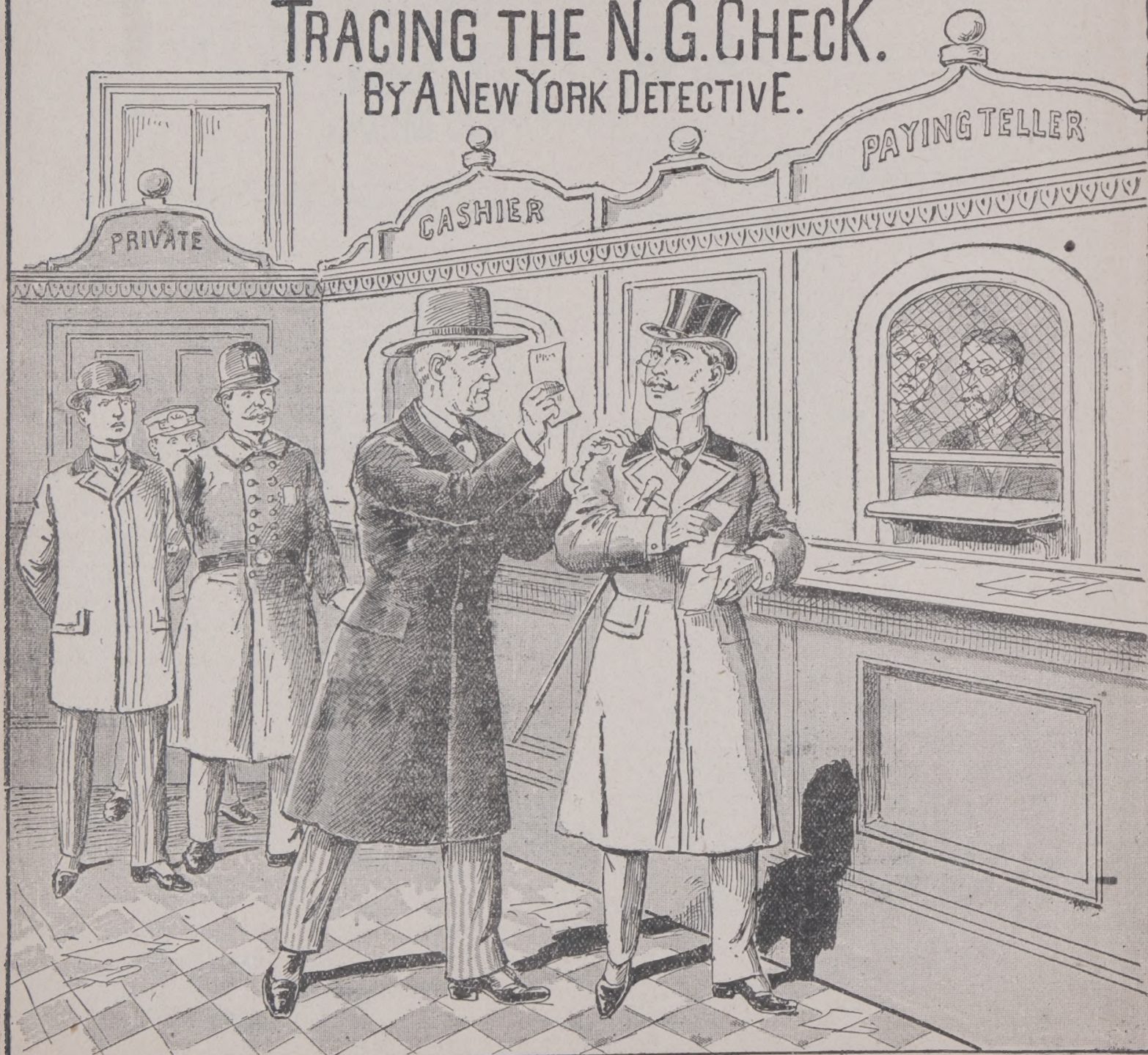
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